

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



FEBRUARY 14, 1959

25 CENTS

NEW "GO-TOGETHERS"

in spring, a young man's fancy... and a woman's, too... turns to thoughts of new Pendletons! For these are jackets each knows are of finest pure virgin wool... flawlessly loomed and tailored by Pendleton in six just-alike plaids and two authentic tartans! The woman's famous 49'er jacket, 17.95; color-coordinated skirt, 14.95. The man's Topster jacket, 17.50, and color-blended Pendleton slacks.

Pendleton

PAIRABLES

ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL



B.F. Goodrich



Traction Express record: 103,000 miles to date, still going strong!

"We use B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires on units hauling gasoline and oil with a gross load of 29 tons. The truck runs 60 hours a week, and the tires have already gone 103,000 miles. We never got more than 40,000 to 50,000 miles from other tires."

So writes B. J. Forbes (standing left above), President of Forbes Transfer Co., Wilson, N. C., whose 45 units also haul tobacco. Reports like this from users all over the country have

given the Traction Express the name, "the 100,000-mile truck tire".

All-Nylon Construction

B. F. Goodrich builds the Traction Express with an all-nylon cord body. Nylon is stronger than ordinary cord materials, can withstand double the impact, resist heat blowouts and flex breaks. The all-nylon Traction Express body outwears even the extra-thick tread—up to 46% thicker than that of

a regular tire—and can still be recapped over and over!

The Traction Express tread is compressed. The tire is molded with the beads close together. When mounted, air pressure spreads the beads to full rim width. The sidewalls act as levers, compressing the tread for greater abrasion resistance and added mileage.

See the money-saving all-nylon Traction Express today (rayon construction at lower prices). Your B. F. Goodrich retailer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of the phone book. Or write: The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire & Equipment Div., Akron 18, Ohio.



FORBES TRUCKS carry gasoline and oil throughout the Southeast, have never been held up by a Traction Express tire failure.



TRACTION EXPRESS cleans dry slippage. Patented BIG nylon shock shield gives more original mileage, more recappable tires.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks



PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines

MIKE McMURTRY

At 21, Mike McMurry is dead set on a boxing career. Outside of school hours at Idaho State College, the Tacoma, Wash. heavyweight has time for little else. Mike is already the national intercollegiate champion, plans to turn professional after graduation and a stint with the Marines. His older brother Pat is now a pro, unbeaten in 15 fights to date, with 12 knockouts.



YVONNE SUGDEN

Yvonne Sugden visited London's Queens Ice Club one night when she was seven. Fascinated with figure skating at first sight, she has worked at it religiously ever since. Now 15 and still practicing three to five hours a day, Yvonne is Britain's women's amateur champion for the second year in a row, won the international competition at St. Moritz last month and was leading by a wide margin in the European championships at Budapest until she fell and finished second. Acclaimed the finest girl free skater Britain has ever produced, Yvonne will travel to Vienna this month to compete in the world championships.

BELL & HOWELL WAS THERE



DARING YOUNG MEN ON WATER SKIS float through air with the greatest of ease. You can catch such action with Bell & Howell's Twin Auto Load, sharp-shooting master of 16mm magazine loading movie cameras. Switurn turret rotates lens and matching positive viewfinder together. Five speeds include true slow motion. Why not ask to see the 200-T, soon?

CAUGHT
BY THE 200-T



HOONDAED ACADEMY AWARD 1954
The Bell & Howell for 37 Years
of Pioneering Contributions
to the Motion Picture Industry

experience leads to **Bell & Howell**



CAPTURED
BY THE 134-TA



WATCH THE BIRDIE! It's always open season on shots like this for Buze enthusiasts who pack a Bell & Howell 134-TA. Telephoto action is theirs with a split-second turn of the three-lens turret and positive viewfinder. A handful of precision work-

manship, the five-speed Tri-Lens has ground glass full-frame focusing, drop-in spool loading. Looking for the best in 8mm? This is it—the 134-TA. For your free copy of "Tips on Color Movie Making," write Bell & Howell, Dept. S-1, Chicago 45, Ill.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**As a former Olympian,
what should the
United States do to win
the Olympics in 1956?**

RALPH HILL, 3,000-Meter Run

Second, 1932



"By creating more interest in events in which we are traditionally weak. College meets should schedule events more nearly parallel to the Olympics. Business and industry should cooperate with athletes. This can be done by staggering hours and work weeks to allow time for training."

PARRY O'BRIEN, Shot Put

Winner, 1932



"I've seen the Russians in action. They are geared for victory, to prove their way of life is better than ours. The games will be in November, when our athletes have had little or no competition. The way to victory is a revised competitive schedule so our athletes will be at their peak."

LOUIS TEWANOWA, Marathon

Second, 1932



"Young men now do not work hard to keep the body strong. They eat, play, smoke and drink too much. If young men want to win Olympics, they should begin now. They should get up early, go to bed early, run all the time. Young men must eat good food and have a clean mind."

BOB MATHIAS, Decathlon

Winner, 1948 and 1952



"We'll have to perform much better to win more medals than the improved Russian team. Their women are far ahead of ours in track and other events. We must field an all-round team. Not just an outstanding track team, but top teams in weight lifting, gymnastics, etc. in which Russians excel."

JOHNNY HAYES, Marathon

Winner, 1908



"Scary to say that we have an excellent chance of losing to the Russians. Not enough of our young men devote the time and effort needed to excel in track and field events. Training is not fashionable. We have some good men, but not enough. What should we do? I'm not a magician."

HORACE ASHENFELTER, 1,000-Meter Strophichase
Winner, 1932



"By developing incentive among our athletes. Money has never won a 100-meter dash. If we can give our athletes greater incentive I think we can win. This can come through increased recognition and more intense publicity of the amateur events which make up the Olympic Games."

CHARLIE MOORE, 400-Meter Hurdles
Winner, 1932



"By fostering enthusiasm at the family, school, college and pastcollego levels. I received great support from my father, Cornell University and the N.Y. Athletic Club. Impress on athletes that there is no greater thrill than to climb the victory stand and receive victory wreaths."

JOSEPH PEARMAN, 15,000-Meter Walk
Second, 1932



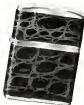
"Material should be scouted now. Former Olympians should locate and help coach promising youngsters. Bernice Welers of the N.Y.A.C. helped me with my arm action. I learned to hold my head down from George Goulding, Canada's champion. Jack Moakley showed me how to place my feet."

Sparks from a Sportsman's Zippo



Lifeline-improved
in color!
Gloss of sport, \$4.75

Dry fly purists are fussy about their fishing, but there are British anglers who go them a long step better. These gents will only "fish the rise"—cast to a rising fish. They disdain to "fish the water"—cast to any likely spot. No rise, no cast for them. For us, that would mean many a day with no fishing at all. (We've had many a day with no fish, but at least we've been *fishing*.)



Rich, real leather,
flame colors, \$4

Of all sportsmen who value the wind-proof feature of Zippo, probably none gets more out of it than the outboard motor crowd. When you're doing thirty or so in a 12-footer and the water feels like broken rocks under the hull, it's a great comfort to get your light despite the worst battering the wind can give. One hand and one zip, too.



Basic for throng?
Can't lose it! \$4



For dress wear!
Gleaming chrome plate! \$5.75

plain their popularity. The truth is, the outboard is one of the few remaining mechanisms the average man can *tinker* with. The modern automobile calls for an expert. Most men can't do anything more with a modern refrigerator than get a beer out of it. But with an outboard, there are things to turn and things to press and you can do it yourself. We used to be a great country of tinkers. Nave to see some of it return.



A while back we got to talking again about the Zippo guarantee. We fix all Zippos free, always, no matter what happens to them. No one, we said, has ever paid us a cent to repair a Zippo. Then we remembered the man who sent us a dollar—without giving his name and address. We had fixed his lighter and he wanted to show appreciation. But we couldn't return it because we couldn't locate him.



What did we do with the dollar? Framed it. It hangs in the President's office, where it's pointed out as part of the money no one ever paid us to repair a Zippo.

ZIPPO

ALWAYS WORKS—OR WE FIX IT FREE

Genuine Zippo Fluid and Flints make all lighters work better

Zippo Manufacturing Company, Bradford, Pa.
In Canada: Zippo Manufacturing Co., Canada Ltd., Rogers Falls, Ont.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE of the lasting pleasures of sport lies in the enjoyment of its equipment, in the proud care which owners give a well-balanced tennis racket, a pair of riding boots, or that favorite gun with burnished stock and oiled barrel. Inseparable from sport's beauty, equipment is also as essential to sport as its rules and traditions.

The continuing improvement of this equipment through scientific research and study is the daily concern of an industry whose market has quintupled in 20 years, from less than \$200 million to more than \$1 billion. And the attractive results of this research, from spinning reels and glass fishing rods to plastic coatings for skis, represent an unending stream of important news to everyone in the sports world.

Each year the industry presents its latest and best at the Annual Convention and Show of the National Sporting Goods Association, where this week in Chicago manufacturers displayed more than 600 lines of equipment, transferring the Morrison Hotel into a glittering showcase for the thousands of sporting goods dealers and buyers there to see it.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's interest in the convention, both editorially and commercially, is a natural one, and as a member of the NSGA we were very glad to be on hand with our own display booth. Against a background of outstanding sports pictures from our issues, visitors, old friends and new, had a chance to test their sports knowledge in a special quiz contest designed for the occasion.

Many manufacturers of sporting goods have recognized SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as an excellent year-round advertising medium for their wonderful wares. Sporting goods dealers from all over the country also understood from the first that this magazine offers an exceptional setting, a brilliant showcase, for sports merchandise. And you may have seen, in local stores, examples in window and floor displays of SI pictures, streamers, and full-color posters; for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has a permanent lien on the most exciting and colorful pictorial stockroom there is—the world of sport.

Recently I learned with a great deal of pleasure the results of a nation-wide contest sponsored by *The Sporting Goods Dealer* for store windows using a hunting theme: the top three prize winners all used SPORTS ILLUSTRATED material.

Harry Phillips

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry R. Lure
PRESIDENT Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor Sidney L. James
Asst. Managing Editor Richard W. Johnston
News Editor John Tibby

Associate Editors

Peter Barrett, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Paul O'Neil, Jerome Snyder, Eleanor Welch, Richard Walters, Norton Wood.

Staff Writers

Gerald Astor, Kara Bowen, Robert Creamer, Andrew Cribben, MacLennan Farrell, N. Lee Gings, Roger Kahn, Marjory Miller, Colin Finney, Henry J. Romary, Elaine St. Maur, Don A. Schaefer, Frederick Smith, Walney Tower, Reginald Webb, William H. White.

Staff Photographers

Mark Kauffman, Richard Meek, Hy Peskin.

Reporters

William Chapman (Newsdesk), Honor Fitzpatrick (Chief of Research), Paul Abramson, Robert H. Boyle, Helen Brown, Jane Farley, Merwin Hymen, Margaret Jerama, Virginia Kraft, Morrie Lund, Kathleen Shorall, Mary Snow, Dorothy Stull, Ann Weeks, Lester Woodcock, Jo Allen Zell.

Assistants

Arthur L. Hawley (Editorial Production), Irmare Barry (Copy Desk), William Bernstein, Betty Dick, Maryanne Gjerovik, Harvey Grant, Dorothy Mera, Eleanor Mikosovic, Martin Nathan, Al Zingaro.

Special Contributors

BASKETBALL: Roy Smith; BOATING: Robert Bay Jr.; BOWLING: Victor Kaiman; HIKING: Budd Schulberg; FLYING: Bill Mauldin; FOOTBALL: Herman Hekman; GOLF: Herbert Warren Ward; HORSE RACING: Alison Hargreaves; HUNTING & FISHING: Clyde Carley, David Castillo, Ted Jones, Hart Sillcock, Philip Wyle, Ed Zech; JAZZ: Norman Swenson; JOHN HENLEY; NATURE: John O'Reilly; TENNIS: William F. Tallent; TRAVEL: Horace Sutton; UNDER 21: Duane Decker, WEDDING'S BURDEN: Jerome Wolfman.

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: 1 yr. \$7.50, U.S., Canada and active military personnel anywhere in the world; all other subscriptions, 1 yr., \$10.

Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising matters to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Please address all subscription correspondence to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require four weeks' notice. When ordering change, please name magazine and furnish address imprint from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. TIME, Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOME & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore, President, Roy E. Larsen; Executive Vice President, Joe Publishing; Editor, Harry L. Larsen; Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Sullivan; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President, Ronald Harris, Allen Grosse, Andrew Rosenthal, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., F. L. Powe, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

Copyright under International Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention.
Copyright 1955 by Time Inc.

CONTENTS

- 16 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** As the camera seen it
19 **SOUNDTRACK** SI's editors report and reflect on the news
25 **SCOREBOARD** and Week's Winners
61 **COMING EVENTS**

8 THE RIDDUS WANAMAKER MILE

Gusar Nibben set a new world record, but hardly anyone noticed for behind him Wes Santee and Fred Dyer were wraddling each other down the stretch. An account in words and pictures by ROBERT CREAMER and SI photographers

14 GREAT DAY FOR ENGLAND

England's young cricketers retain the Ashes after a struggle—said the London Times—which should be written "in blood"

15 CRICKET FOR THE BASEBALL FAN

That famous former sportswriter, who once climbed into the ring with Dempsey to see what it was like, tries the same thing on Britain's national game—with results that surprise him. By PAUL GALICCO

22 THE WESTMINSTER DOG SHOW

The nation's No. 1 canine event, its history, its leading personalities, its problems and how the blue ribbons are awarded. An SI preview with text by REGINALD WELLS, a four-page foldout IN COLOR of champion dogs and a genealogical chart by ARTHUR SINGER

35 TROUT IN THE CLOUDS

At Lake Tahoe in the Andes, the summer season is in full swing and fishermen are getting a king's ransom in the biggest rainbow trout you ever saw. A picture report IN COLOR

40 A VISIT TO THE HALL OF FAME

JAMES T. FARRELL, distinguished author and lifelong baseball fan, takes his 14-year-old son on a nostalgic journey to the Cooperstown shrine

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



COVER: The great Dane, Autopilot

Photograph by YLLA

As show dogs come, the magnificent great Dane Autopilot is something of a veteran. First shown in 1951, he finished his championship in three months and went on to win best-of-breed at the 1952 Westminster Dog Show. Since then he has won 59 best-of-breed ribbons and will be competing again next week at the 1955 Westminster Show (pp. 22-32). Autopilot is owned by Marydane Kennels, Wilton, Conn.

Reference points on page 47

The cover and other contents of Sports Illustrated are fully protected by copyright in the United States and in foreign countries and must not be reproduced in any manner without written permission.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE PRO FOOTBALL DRAFT

What's it like to be a pro football coach at the National League's annual drawing? How do you get the best college players against the stiffest competition? PIERS ANDERTON tells you, in an absorbing and personal story of the toughest 18 hours a big-league coach can face

PLUS: THE BLUE ANGELS, THE NAVY'S UNMATCHED STUNT-FLYING FOURSOME, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR NEW GRUMMAN COUGAR JETS AT 600-MPH SPEEDS

THE DEPARTMENTS

- 2 **Put on the Back:** Praise for those not already smothered with it
4 **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAL asks: As a former Olympian, what should the U.S. do to win the Olympics in 1956?
34 **Tip from the Top:** WILLIE HUNTER, of the Riviera Country Club, explains the pitch-and-run
44 **Skiing:** SIR ARNOLD LUNN has some advice for that vanishing species, the true amateur ski racer
45 **Sporting Look:** There's a new spark to parking, so this report IN COLOR from Aspen, Colo. shows
47 **Snow Patrol and Fisherman's Calendar:** BILL WALLACE with the latest reports from ski country; and Ed ZERN from the lakes, rivers and sea
52 **Flying:** SI's Sunday Pilot, BILL MAULDIN, finds his little Ercoupe is even more remarkable than he thought: it has a brain
54 **Basketball:** GERALD ASTOR presents a boy with a problem. 7-foot 3-inch Wade Halbrook of Oregon State College
55 **Motor Sports:** JOHN BENTLEY, shying from nothing, takes a Greyhound bus test to find out about his Reaction Time and other matters important to all drivers
56 **Column of the Week:** BILL LEE, of the Hartford Courant, pays tribute to an honest boxing man
56 **Horses:** ALGERN HUGHES visits New Orleans' Old Fair Grounds and finds a bang-up season under way with some horses and jockeys worth noting
57 **Tennis:** WILLIAM F. TALBERT looks at our juniors, Jerry Moss and Mike Green, and finds their prospects pleasing
63 **You Should Know:** If you are taking up figure skating
64 **Under 21:** DUANE DECKER reports on a pistol princess, Kathleen Walsh of Arlington, Va.
66 **The 15th Hole:** The readers take over

THE OAKMOUTH CARNIVAL

That colorful collegiate winter frolic, as seen by the Big Green's distinguished alumnus, BUDD SCHULBERG

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST RACING CARS

They're specially built for the world's youngest—and cutest—drivers. An SI Spectacle IN COLOR

FEBRUARY 14, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



NIELSEN SURGES AHEAD ON LAST TURN WHILE
BEHIND HIM DWYER TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO
SQUEEZE PAST SANTEE ON THE INSIDE LANE

THE RIOTOUS WANAMAKER MILE

Gunnar Nielsen won the famous Mile and set a new world record of 4:03.6 in doing it. But hardly anyone noticed, for behind him Wes Santee and Fred Dwyer were wrestling each other down the stretch

NEW YORK

THERE ARE THOSE who say it was the best running battle the New Yorkers have seen since the Democratic Convention of 1924 took 103 ballots to nominate John W. Davis. There are others who say this is not so, that there has never been anything like it before.

It is necessary to understand the importance of the one-mile run to any indoor track-and-field meet and to understand that this was the Millrose Games, the most famous of all indoor meets; that there were 15,000 of the passionate, dedicated, perceptive breed called track fans in Madison Square Garden, and that the event was the Wanamaker Mile, the single most important indoor race in the world. As Wes Santee said in Washington just two weeks earlier, it is the race that everybody wants to win.

Last Saturday night to the Wanamaker Mile in the Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden came six men. All six wanted to win. But three expected to, in the way a man expects dinner when he arrives home from the office; there is simply no question about it; it is his natural due. This is called confidence, and it is a quality possessed to an extraordinary degree by the three young men in question: David Wesley Santee of Kansas, Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark, and Frederick Anthony Dwyer Jr. of New Jersey.

Wes Santee's confidence rested on cold logic. The record showed that he was best. No one had ever run a mile indoors faster than he; only the four-minute milers—Roger Bannister and John Landy—had ever run a faster mile outdoors. He had been beaten, true, by Nielsen's sprint finish in a slow race in Washington on Jan. 22, but a week later in Boston he had run Nielsen into the ground with a driving pace over the last half-mile that had left the Dane 35 yards behind without a sprint and Santee all alone at the tape with a new world record. And he had beaten Dwyer five times in five races.

"Why should I expect to lose?" said Wes Santee. Gunnar Nielsen's confidence rested on his great sprint finish and a curious lack of regard for Santee. Nielsen was co-holder of the world half-mile record and he had, after all, defeated Santee in Washington.

"If I stay close to him," he said in his halting English, "I can outpace him and win. I can beat Santee. The only man I fear in all the world is Bannister."

No one knew what little Freddy Dwyer's confidence rested on. He is a good runner, a fine runner, but he had never been able to beat either Santee or Nielsen. He was confident all the same.

"I can beat 'em hoch," he said, and it was obvious that he believed it.

As the start of the Wanamaker Mile neared last Saturday night, the early events of the evening were all but

continued on next page

BUTTED OFF THE TRACK. Dwyer continued to run inside of Santee around turn. Nielsen, far ahead, raced for the tape and a new indoor world record. Olsen *also* was a lap behind others.



picture sequence continued on next page



Back on the track, Dwyer, completely off the ground (3), clings to Santee after being spun off the way around toward startled crowd.



Dwyer twists away from Santee (6) and stays in front, but almost crashes into the timers (7) as he weaves his way along the track.

THE MILE continued from page 9

forgotten—the powerful Audan Boyesen's striking win over a splendid field in the 880; graceful Mal Whitfield's suddenly awkward struggle to stay ahead in the final yards of the 600; the commanding victories of Bob Richards in the pole vault and Harrison Dillard in the hurdles (the ninth consecutive Millrose triumph for each); Rod Richards' clear-cut win margin in the star-packed 60-yard dash. All were splendid performances. All were genuinely appreciated by the crowd. But all became of secondary importance as the time neared for the Wanamaker Mile.

The field was probably the best ever entered in the Wanamaker. There was Santee, the 4:00.6 miler, the indoor record-holder. There was Nielsen, conqueror of Santee, a great runner in his own right. There was Dwyer, who had won the Wanamaker and every

other important Eastern indoor mile in 1953 before he had gone into the Army. There was Bob McMillen, who had finished second to Josy Barthel in the record-breaking 1952 Olympic 1,500-meter run, and who was slowly working his way back into top shape. There was Billy Tidwell, who had beaten Santee at the mile in high school and who had beaten him again, in the half-mile, just last year. There was Dick Ollen, who had set a record-producing pace for Santee in Boston and who had been brought to New York to do the same thing in the Wanamaker.

THE PACE WAS PERFECT

Nielsen jumped into the lead at the gun, but Ollen took over quickly and led the field through the first quarter-mile in 58.6 seconds, brilliant time that brought an appreciative roar from the crowd. Santee, Nielsen and Dwyer followed Ollen in that order.

At the half-mile the time was 2:00.6, perfect pace for a record mile. Santee moved past the tiring Ollen just past the half-mile mark and took over the lead, Dwyer moving up into second place and Nielsen following in third.

Here, Santee lost the race. His sense of pace indoors is faulty, and his time for the third quarter-mile was a lackadaisical 63 seconds, much too slow to take the sting out of Nielsen's kick. Santee realized this belatedly and increased speed in the last quarter, but Dwyer and Nielsen stayed with him.

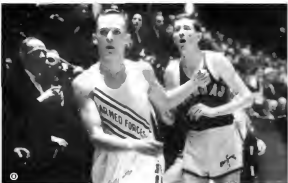
The crowd was all voice now, roaring its approval of Santee's driving pace, of Dwyer's persistence, of Nielsen's potential. On the backstretch of the last lap, 80 yards from the finish line, Nielsen moved out from the inside curl of the track to pass. With a tremendous, lifting burst of speed, he passed Dwyer and then Santee, just as they bent into the last turn. Santee was



Dignified timers (4) stare in amazement as Dwyer and Santee break apart, almost fall, then continue to totter toward finish (5)



Exhausted Santee gulps for air (8) as he staggers across the finish line behind Dwyer, who throws his arms out to maintain balance



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

laboring and he hore out on the turn, possibly to hold off Nielsen, a common tactic in indoor running.

But Nielsen, his long hair flapping, his arms pumping across his chest, was suddenly three, four, five yards in front, his famed sprint wide open. Santee was through. It was obviously Nielsen's race, a great victory for him and a stirring thing for the crowd to see.

THE TROUBLE BEGINS

But before anyone could save it, before anyone could really appreciate the scope of Nielsen's accomplishment, the strange events pictured on these pages began to occur. Dwyer, hanging like a leech to the fading Santee, tried to sneak past on the inside as they followed Nielsen around the last turn, a maneuver that is legal only if the man passing can get through without

interfering with the man being passed.

It didn't work; there simply wasn't room. Santee came back to the inside of the track and Dwyer was dead, squeezed between Santee and the curb.

When they banged together (*Picture 1*, p. 8), Chuck Hornbostel, the old Indiana half-miler who was serving as inspector on the turn, properly noted interference by Dwyer and called it to the attention of the chief inspector. Meanwhile, Dwyer, still running, was posted off the track onto the infield (*Picture 2*, p. 9). He followed the curve of the track, staying abreast of Santee, and came back on the boards as they hit the straightaway, squeezing ahead of the weary Kansan.

Santee, seemingly unable to bear the sight of Dwyer in front of him, reached out a protesting arm and grabbed Dwyer's shoulder. Dwyer, in turn, infuriated by this violation of track ethics, turned angrily to thrust Santee's arm

off and grabbed him around the body. The crowd watched in amazement. Nielsen's great race was forgotten.

The two spun around on the track in each other's arms, almost fell, broke apart and then staggered across the finish line. At once they turned to each other in post-race exhaustion and with monumental incongruity shook hands.

The crowd, shocked by the travesty, was in an uproar. Its rumbling anger was obviously directed more at Santee than at Dwyer. What Dwyer had done—cutting through on the inside—is fairly common. It was wrong, the judges spotted it, and Dwyer was penalized for it, but it was understandable. But for Santee to reach out and hold an opponent was a glaring breach of conduct, particularly so for a great runner. "That's not the way a champion acts," growled a spectator.

Indeed, when Dwyer's disqualification—*continued on next page*



BITING HIS TONGUE with determination, Pole Vaulter Bob Richards grips the pole, fixes his eye on the crossbar and churns down the runway. He cleared 15 feet 2 inches to set a new Millrose record as he won the pole vault for the ninth straight year.

THE MILE *continued from page 11*

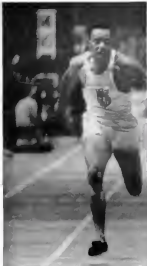
tion was announced, the crowd booted the disqualification. And when it was announced that Santee, who had finished third behind Dwyer, was being placed second, the boos grew louder. When Nielsen's world-record time of 4:03.6 was announced, the crowd seemed barely to notice it. Everyone was too busy talking about the fight.

After the race Santee sought out

Nielsen and congratulated him, and photographers took their picture together. Santee seemed out of place in the picture. Then Santee went over to Dwyer and the two shook hands again.

"I'm sorry you were disqualified," Santee said.

"I'm sorry about the whole thing," Fred said. "Let's forget about it." He remembered the Baxter Mile scheduled for the Garden on Feb. 12. "There's always next week."



STRAINING FOR THE TAPE, the finalists in the 60-yard dash lunge for the finish. Rod Richard (right), his face



POISED IN MID-AIR, like Herman Wyatt seems to clear bar but knocks it off with his hip to miss new meet record.

"What's going to happen next week, Fred?" someone asked Dwyer.

Dwyer, grinning, said, "I still think I can beat 'em both. Next week? Well, there'll be a fight." He stopped grinning. "I don't mean that literally," he added hastily.

Santee sought out Dan Ferris and returned his second-place medal.

"I gave it back because I don't think I finished second. Someone went past me." He paused. "I think we



strained with effort, flings his arms wide as he breaks the tape with his chest to win in 6.2 seconds, one-tenth of a second off the indoor record. Arthur Bragg (left) thrusts his head and

shoulders forward in a vain attempt to beat Richard. John Haines (second from left) and Arthur Pollard, running almost in step, follow. Bragg crosses the finish line, a close third and fourth.



DETERMINED HARRISON DILLARD pokes his long, lean leg over the hurdle a good half-stride ahead of Charley Pratt (foreground) and Rod Perry, went on to win for ninth year in a row



CLASSIC FORM as shown by sprinters in 60-yard semi-final as all five starters roar off mark with right legs driving, left arms flung back. Richard (center) won this and the final.

both should have been disqualified."

He went back to his hotel, dressed, phoned his wife, changed his airline reservation from Sunday noon to Saturday night, ate and flew back to Kansas on the 1:30 a.m. flight.

Meanwhile, at the Wivel, a Scandinavian restaurant in New York, Gunnar Nielsen drank Danish beer and ate hendebeere and herring from the *smörgåsbord*. He said he was a little tired, that he had not been aware of the brawl

behind him, that "perhaps" he could continue to defeat Santee and Dwyer in the mile races yet to come this indoor season.

He made an odd picture, this quiet, amiable winner of the world's most important indoor race. For despite his brilliant victory, his world-record time, it was not his race. To track fans, the 1955 Wanamaker Mile would always be the graceless Santee-Dwyer affair at the finish line.

(END)

GUNNAR NIELSEN grins as he pours himself some Danish beer after record mile.





ENGLISH CAPTAIN LEN HUTTON TAKES THE FIELD TO BAT



TYPHOON TYSON, ENGLISH BOWLER, POURS IN HIS FAST ONE, WATCHING

GREAT DAY FOR ENGLAND

England's young cricketers retain The Ashes after an uphill struggle with Australian

A MAN should dip his pen in blood to write about this day," cried the *Times* of London. Not since 1933 had an English team returned from Australia with The Ashes, symbol of world cricket supremacy. After dropping the first of five test matches at Brisbane in November, Len Hutton, the first professional ever to captain an English team, rallied his young forces. They won at Sydney in December, again at Melbourne in January. Last week at the Adelaide Oval, they sealed up the series with a convincing five-wicket victory—i.e., batting last, England passed the Aussie total of 434 runs with five batters still unretired.

After England's first lop-sided defeat in Brisbane, Len Hutton was in the national dog house. Having won the toss, the dour Yorkshireman allowed Australia to bat first and run up a huge lead while the pitch was in top shape.

In the words of Neville Cardus, Britain's cricket laureate, "Hutton thrives on vicissitude; in Yorkshire they don't play cricket for *foam*. He has, in fact, given even the Australians a few lessons in grim, patient ruthlessness." In other words, playing dull percentage cricket, stalling at bat to wear down the best enemy howlers and otherwise boring the fans into sarcastic clapping, Hutton led his

team back to the final great day at Adelaide, and England retained The Ashes they had recaptured at home in 1953.

Overnight Len Hutton was transformed from bum to hero, but the glory was not all Hutton's. A kind of British Whiz Kid quartet was the playing backbone of the team. The hats of Colin Cowdrey and Peter May humbled Australian bowling. Frank (Typhoon) Tyson and Brian Statham, England's fire-balling bowlers, overwhelmed the Aussie batting order. Tyson, a 6-foot 200-pounder, likes to chant snatches of Wordsworth as he runs toward the wicket, building up speed for his throws.

Joy took over England when the final results arrived. At Wood Hall, where Hutton's sons go to school, the lads were given a half holiday. From the Marylebone Cricket Club, spiritual home of cricket, members dispatched a message to Hutton: "Well done. Magnificent performance. Flags hoisted at Lord's."

Down under, gloom prevailed. Fans watching Australia's aging stars trudge off the field were not heartened by the thought that only a few hundred yards away a couple of young Americans had just swept the finals of the Australian junior tennis championships (see page 57).



ARE IDLE BATTER, FIELDER AND UMPIRE

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY DAVID POTTS



CLASSIC URN, for "ashes" of English cricket, dates from the defeat by an invading Australian team in 1882.

CRICKET FOR THE BASEBALL FAN

An eminent American sportswriter now living abroad takes on the task of explaining Britain's national game so that it can be understood by an American bleacherite. His conclusion: "Hell, it's suicidal!"

by PAUL GALlico

LONDON

THERE is always a tendency in human nature to deride the other fellow's game, particularly when it is the national pastime of a foreign country and played almost exclusively by the people living there.

Few games have been kidded as much, at least by Americans, as the Briton's cricket, that odd ball-and-hat match that takes three days to play, in which runs are scored by the dozens and Centuries are not uncommon. And the break for tea is considered the most deliciously funny business this side of a comic valentine.

But I can tell you a little something about this pastime. I am one of the few American ex-sportswriters ever to have taken part in a real, big-time cricket match and survived to write about it. And I am prepared to testify that this is a rough, tough, as well as highly scientific sport and quite one of the best games ever devised for the exercise and enjoyment of the player as well as the spectator.

I got into it as a gag. I was lucky to emerge from it with my life. You think cricket is a game for sissies? B-r-r-r-o-ther! Field the position called Silly Mid-on, and see how silly the game looks from that spot. Silly, eh? Hell, it's suicidal! I know. I played there. Your position is no more than 10 yards away from a batter clouting a ball that is harder than a baseball with an erratically shaped bat. It's a little like standing in front of a .45 waiting to see the bullet come out. My problem was whether my reactions would be fast enough to enable me to duck a real hot liner. The British don't duck. Wearing no gloves, they stop the ball, meat hand.

I do not wish to take up too much

of your time recounting how I got myself into this mess. When I saw an ad in the personals of the *Times* of London to the effect that the authors and the National Book League were to meet in their annual game, it looked like copy to me. I was writing a column at the time. The game, I figured, would probably be one of those clown acts we pull off on our side of the water from time to time when the Baseball Writers play the Girls Team from the chorus of *Oklahama!* at softball, with a keg of beer at first base and another at home plate. So I wangled myself an invitation.

Friends, I couldn't have been more wrong. All I did was walk into an annual grudge battle. Both teams were loaded with ringers. Anybody who could write—"O see the pretty kat," or sign a dinner check in his own hand was considered an author; any cricketer, pro or amateur, who could lift a book off a table automatically became a member of the National Book League. There were a couple of legitimate authors, such as the late Chester Wilmut, who were good cricketers on the side, but most of the players were of the caliber of my friend Ian Fesibles. All this guy Fesibles had ever done was bowl against Australia in the Test Matches.

Cricket looks haphazard to the uninitiated and in fact in one sense it is. I don't suppose that outside of basketball anyone has ever really invented a game all ready-set with rules and implements. Instead, they rather happen or grow slowly as the result of terrain, kids fooling around at play, national characteristics, older traditions and personal temperament. And once a game is set by custom and tradition

continued on page 18

'HOOT MON' DOES IT AGAIN

OFF THE COAST of Miami, Fla. last week 21 sleek, ocean-going yachts gathered for the most spectacular race of the winter season: the 184-mile thrash to Nassau. They ranged in size from the 80-foot *Vahana*—52 years old but still fast enough to be scratch-boat in the fleet's complex system of handicaps—down to the likes of the 37-foot yawl *Spray*, with a time allowance of some nine hours.

The attention of most observers, however, was focused on a low-slung 39-foot yawl, *Hoot Mon*, the defending

champion for this year's race. Last season *Hoot Mon* came to Miami tabbed by some experts as an unsafe boat because of her radically designed hull that adhered more closely to the fine lines of a racing Star boat than to the more substantial lines of an ocean cruiser. But *Hoot Mon* won handily.

This year she came to the line a favorite, and in spite of frequent calms that threatened to reduce the dignified old competition to a drifting match, Skipper Lockwood Pirie brought her home a winner. Second by 35 minutes

was Carleton Mitchell's *Finisterre*; third, Bradley Noyes' *Tioga*; and fourth was *Spray*, whose fiber-glass deck and hull coating added a radical touch to this year's race. But *Spray* contributed more to the event than radical touches. During a race that ranged from uneventful to downright dull for most boats, *Spray* tore her genoa jib three times, pulled out a piece of masthead rigging; and finally, during a two-hour calm on the second night, her crew managed to lasso, bring to boat and cut the tail from a nine-foot shark.



PRECARIOUS PERCH on plunging bow of yawl *Spray* is taken by crewman who watches as hastily repaired genoa jib is rehoisted.



UP THE MAST of *Spray*, crew member Warren Bailey dangles daintily from a boson's chair after making emergency repairs on rigging that had torn out during gusts on first night.

CHAMPION "HOOT MON," running on a broad reach with all of her sails set, won the 184-mile race for the second successive year, beating a fleet of 29 top ocean racers despite fickle winds and currents. Sails flying on the sleek yawl are, left to right, parachute spinnaker, balloon forestay-sail, mainsail (with number), mizzenstay-sail and, finally, mizzen sail.





DRESSING ROOM DELIRIUM SEIZES GEORGIA TECH TEAM AFTER 65-55 WIN OVER KENTUCKY. COACH HYDER IS FOURTH FROM RIGHT

GEORGIA TECH'S RAMBLING WRECKERS

BY KENTUCKY STANDARDS the 2,000-seat basketball arena at Georgia Tech is a minor affair—the University of Kentucky gym seats 11,500. Before their game in Atlanta last week, blunt-speaking Coach Adolph Rupp of Kentucky accosted Coach John (Whack) Hyder of Georgia Tech and demanded: "What's your aim in basketball here? What do you expect to accomplish with a place like this to play in?"

Coach Hyder thought for a moment and then clearly stated his aims: "First I want my boys to adjust spiritual-ly. Next I want them to go to school and get an educa-

tion. Next I want them to give us their basketball time."

Said Rupp: "You can't do that. Boys aren't built that way any more."

That night Tech's boys, who aren't supposed to be built that way, wrecked mighty Kentucky, top college team in the nation, 65-59 for an incredible repeat of the miracle of early January, when lowly Tech beat Kentucky at Lexington to end a 32-game Kentucky winning streak. Capping the surprises was the gracious acceptance of the second defeat by hard loser Rupp, who said: "That shows you what'll happen when a team wants to win bad enough."

TENSE HYDER CLAIMS OFFICIALS MISSED FOUL AGAINST TECH



DESPAIRING RUPP HOLDS HIS HEAD JUST BEFORE GAME ENDS



SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS REFLECT ON THE THEATRICAL QUALITIES OF INDOOR TRACK, THE CAREER OF A "TREE-MENDOUS" PITCHER, AND A GAME THAT IS THE MOST FASCINATING—OR SILLIEST—IN THE WORLD

Message for Dulles

GENERAL MANAGER Frank Lane, G brain-in-chief of the Chicago White Sox, allows that we are handling the Russian problem all wrong. "There's nothing to it," Lane has informed a friend of his. "All you have to do is sit Molotov down between Branch Rickey and Casey Stengel, and in four years Russia will have nothing left but Siberia and a couple of left-handed pitchers."

Track, field and theater

LIKE rowing, baseball and the utilization of canoes in courtship, track meets are traditionally associated with blue and balmy days when the turf is soft and trees beyond the stadium are in lacy leaf. But most of New York's dedicated track fans—and many of those in Boston, Philadelphia and Washington—wouldn't take a five-minute bus ride to watch runners compete after the ground has thawed. The big winter indoor meets, which have been a phenomenon of sport on the Eastern seaboard for almost a half century and had their beginnings long before that, afford the New Yorker his track season, and when they are done he yawns and waits for the next winter.

But though he sustains his enthusiasm for little more than five weeks, it burns bright and hot when it is at its peak. Madison Square Garden was jammed to the rafters last week (at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$4.50 a seat) for the famed Millrose Games, first event of Manhattan's indoor season, and it will be jammed once a week henceforth until the Garden meets end. There is good reason for this midwinter habit: the big indoor meets are wonderful theater and, excepting perhaps a big day at the Olympic Games, tend to be more exciting than outdoor competition on quarter-mile tracks.

Almost all events are invitational affairs; famous men from the world of track are shipped in by the squad, the laggards are sternly culled and resultant races are apt to be fast and thrilling. The Millrose crowd not only saw Wes Santee upset by Denmark's Gun-

nar Nielsen in a riotous (and indoor world-record) Wanamaker Mile last week, but was privileged to watch the incredible Harrison Dillard flash over the hurdles, to gasp as the Rev. Bob Richards vaulted 15 feet 2 inches, and cheer a hatful of ex-Olympic sprinters and middle-distance men and the best of Eastern college relay teams.

Instead of occupying a lonely seat in an all-but-empty stadium, furthermore, the spectators sat jammed into a big crowd amid noise and band music and looked directly down upon almost all the action—the Garden's little 12-laps-to-the-mile board track with its sharp banked turns and short straightways gives foot racing an immediacy and sense of conflict lacking out of doors. All of this, despite the strangeness of the season, seemed logical enough; the first track meet of any kind in the U.S. was held when summer was long past (Nov. 11, 1858) and it was held indoors in New York.

It was, in retrospect, an extremely odd affair. To stage it, the fledgling New York Athletic Club took over a half-completed skating rink, closed its unfinished roof with a huge tarpaulin, and laid out an eighth-of-a-mile track on the soft infloored clay, between its foundations. When the competitors assembled, William B. Curtis, a NYAC founder, proudly unwrapped two articles he had just brought back from England—the first pair of spiked shoes ever seen in the U.S. Five different men wore them (they were large and loose)

with varying results before the meet was over.

The winter indoor track meet has been a part of sport in the East ever since. Many of the early ones were held (as a good many club meets are still) on the flat hardwood floors of big armories. Often bicycle races and gymnastic contests were a part of the program and the track athletes engaged in events long since outmoded and forgotten: pole-vaulting for distance, shot-putting for height, and the standing long jump with dumbbell weights swung in each hand for added distance.

The advent of the invitational event (the NYAC's Baxter Mile, to be run this week, dates from 1910) and finally of the banked wooden track and of the very short, extremely sharp spikes which runners wear on them brought modern indoor meets to maturity. The Garden's present track, constructed of spruce boards six inches wide and one and one half inches thick, is only 12 feet wide and is built in eight 15-foot sections which are bolted together to make an oval. It is springy and as fast as cinders—although splintered boards nevertheless must be replaced after every meet, and a man who falls on it is lucky not to lose some hide.

To hundreds of Manhattan's knowledgeable track addicts, who clearly remember big races and big names dating far back toward the turn of the century, the Garden track is almost, if not quite, a shrine. "Goeh," said one white-haired fan after last week's Wanamaker Mile, "I've seen these ever since I ran myself in the old Garden and I've never seen a mile as fast as that. If they're going to replace any of these boards I'd almost feel like getting one and taking it home."

Long wrong line

A NEW Columbia motion picture devised for the wide screen contains breath-taking views of West Point in brilliant color, throat-tightening scenes of the Cadets on parade and an odd eazard about football's first forward pass which will be nailed here.

But first, as the razor blade man says before the fights start on television,

continued on next page



LAST MILE

*The starter's gun
Ran out of blanks;
The race was run
With thinned-out ranks.*

—Irwin L. Stein

a word about the picture itself. It is the biography of a famous West Point sergeant, Marty Maher, who served as coach and trainer at the military academy for 50 years and now lives near the Point in retirement. The film is called *The Long Gray Line* and it is based on Maher's book, *Bringing Up the Brass*. As brought to the screen, the story is a real weeper, but one of the lighter sequences re-enacts the Army-Notre Dame game of 1913 in which Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne completed 13 forward passes. "Men," the Army coach is made to say after the game, "today you have seen something new in football."



Not so. The first forward pass was completed on the first Wednesday in September 1906, by St. Louis University in a game with Carroll College at Waukesha, Wis. The play was the brain child of Eddie Cochems, the St. Louis coach, and it was executed by a back named Brad Robinson who tossed to Jack Schneider for a gain of 20 yards. Both Rockne (in his autobiography) and Dorais (in many an interview) gave Cochems the credit.

Aside from this error, *The Long Gray Line* is probably the best picture ever made at West Point. Sgt. Maher himself was not unmoved after seeing it. Asked for comment, he paid it the ultimate tribute. "Have you," he said to the press agent, wiping his eyes, "any Irish whisky in the house?"

Farewell to the Chief

Coolness in the clutch is the base-game, the quality he needs above all others. Along with it he needs judgment, the ability to assay the situation, the batter and most of all himself, so that he will know what pitch to serve. One who had these abilities to a superlative degree was Albie Pierce Reynolds, who last week dropped a note to the Yankees to say he won't be around any more.

A wrenched back, the result of a bus accident in 1953, and the prospect that another season in baseball would lead to an operation were the reasons Reynolds gave for his decision. But as long ago as last June the Chief was studying what his next season's pitch would be. His massive shoulder submerged in the Yankees' whirlpool bath, a towel wrapped around his head, Reynolds considered the situation.

"When you work for a long time in a profession," he said, picking his words

as carefully as he would choose between a fast ball and a curve, "and you about reach the ultimate, it's hard to quit. Pride is part of that, I suppose. As long as I can pitch well, I'm going to want to pitch."

There was a suggestion that Reynolds, highest paid pitcher in baseball at \$50,000 a year, didn't really need the money.

"I don't like to talk about the business," he said, "but I do have oil interests back around Oklahoma City. I make more money outside of baseball than I do in it."

"I'm not just pitching for kinks. A lot of the money I make here I've been using for capital in the business. But mostly I'm not pitching for money. I'm pitching because I put so much time into learning baseball that I don't want to quit while I'm still at the top."

He was at the top in the opinion of many a baseball man. There were, for instance, the measured words of Casey Stengel: "Reynolds is two ways great which is starting and relieving which no one else can do like him. . . . Reynolds works all day and longer and relieves and he is a tremendous competitor and he has guts and his courage is simply splendid and tremendous."

You could look it up, as Casey has often said. Reynolds has won seven World Series games and lost only two. He had two no-hit games on his record, both in 1951. One of them, against the Boston Red Sox, clinched the pennant for the Yankees. In the ninth inning of that game, with two out, Ted Williams came to bat like a character out of a storybook and Reynolds had to put all his pride and all his courage into every pitch. He could have walked Williams and, by playing that percentage, have made his no-hitter a more promising prospect. He decided to pitch to him.

Williams hit a curving foul and Yogi Berra dropped it. Williams hit another foul. Berra caught that one and the record books welcomed, in their dull way, another pitching immortal. Only three have pitched two no-hitters in the same season—Johnny Vander Meer in 1938 (in successive games), Virgil Trucks in 1952.

"I know myself as a pitcher," Reynolds said above the sound of swirling water in the whirlpool bath, "and I'm still learning more about pitching. I won't quit until I start to go back. When I lose it, I won't hang around. I'll be the first to know."

Gloom over Havre

SOME OF THE BOYS were sitting around the office of Sheriff Roscoe Timmons up in Havre, Montana when George Bowery, a retired surveyor, dropped in. Someone asked George when he was planning to go over the bump into the Flathead country to see

his relatives and get in a little steel-headin'. That sort of led the conversation around to hunting, and George said he hadn't done much lately, what with the cost of ammunition being so high for a fellow who was retired.

"Well, sir," Sheriff Timmons recalled afterward, "the more we thought about that, the more it came to us what a cryin' shame it is that the cost of hunting stands in the way of a lot of hard-working fellas just at the time of life when they've really got time to enjoy it. There was one sure way to get this terrible problem to public attention. The bunch of us sat down and drafted this bill. We figured we could get [Senator] Jess Angstrom to give it all his support."

The bill drawn up by the boys that day was as refreshing as a zephyr in a Turkish bath. After due regard for legislative preamble it went to the heart of the matter:

"That from and after the passage and approval of this Act, it shall be the duty of the Fish and Game Commission to issue, free and without cost, fishing and hunting licenses to all residents of the State of Montana above the age of sixty (60) years. It shall likewise be the duty of the Board of Examiners of the State of Montana to indemnify all such persons for the cost of all ammunition used by such persons above the age of sixty (60) years, it being the intention that such persons shall be furnished free ammunition so long as the ammunition is used for hunting such predators as wolves, coyotes, cougars, jack rabbits, tax collectors and legislators."

"It shall be unlawful for any person over the age of eighty-five (85) years to possess, carry or use firearms, unless accompanied by their grandparents, but they shall be furnished with bows and arrows, providing they are first issued a hunting license, but this shall be free of charge to them also."

This bit of prairie whimsy has its serious side. Already more than a dozen states have provided free hunting and/or fishing licenses for either the overage or the physically handicapped and, in some cases, veterans. Unfortunately, however, most states are stingy with such gratuities because federal aid for fish and wildlife conservation is doled out according to what a state takes in from its sales of hunting and fishing permits. It's a rare politician who can pass up even a fraction of a federal grant.

Except perhaps for Jess Angstrom, Montana politicians are no exception to this rule. In less time than it takes to tell it, the Montana legislature's Fish and Game Committee killed Angstrom's bill, leaving Montana's sporting oldsters right where they started and casting a heavy blanket of gloom over the sheriff, his friends at Havre—and SI.

Old Mr. Young

THE POST OFFICE at Peoli, Ohio occupies a corner of the grocery store and it's a big week when Postmistress Annetta Mathews has a hundred letters to handle. And usually 25 to 50 of these letters are addressed to one certain party, old Mr. Young, who lives about a mile down the road.

Here recently the post office department decided Peoli didn't need a post office to handle the piddling amount of mail that came through. Mrs. Mathews felt bad and she mentioned the fact to old Mr. Young next time he dropped in.



Old Mr. Young (who's 87 now) shook his head and agreed with Mrs. Mathews that this was no way for the post office people to do. He said it wasn't only a black eye for the town, but furthermore it would be unfair to all the kids who wrote to him for autographs and advice. Old Mr. Young said, by golly, he had a mind to take it up with his congressman, Frank Bow, there in Washington, D.C.

And he did, too. And in no time at all the word came back that Peoli's post office was going to stay right where it was, in the corner of the grocery store, if only to handle old Mr. Young's mail.

A drummer standing around the store when the word came asked, "Who's this old Mr. Young that rates so much attention from a congressman down in Washington?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Mathews, "he just happens to be Cy Young, the pitcher. He just won 511 games pitching in the big leagues. More'n any other pitcher ever won. That's all he is."

Brithers a'

THINGS were popping in the world of curling last week. Sixteen women curlers from the U.S. and Canada were touring Scotland and playing before television cameras over there. At the same time, a men's team of 20 Scottish curlers was nearing the end of a U.S. tour that took in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, New York and Boston. Last Sunday morning a group of players sat around the St. Andrews Golf Club in Yonkers, N.Y., where a series of matches were played, and speculated on the wonder and the meaning of it all.

"There are two opinions about the game of curling," said René Clarke, a gray-haired New York advertising man and member of the Caledonian team. "One opinion is that curling is the most fascinating game in the world and the other opinion is that it's the silliest.

And you must take one view or the other—there's nothing in between."

Mr. Clarke, who counts himself among the fascinated, turned to Bob Grierson of Loch Connell, Scotland, a chunky, pink-cheeked young man.

"What do you say, Bob?"

"I will say this," replied Bob Grierson, a dairy farmer in the old country, "it's the silliest game to watch. I couldn't sit and watch two ends of it myself. But there's no better game to play."

There was a lull in the conversation, for it was that time of morning.

"Did you know," said Mr. Clarke, "that Ford Frick, the high commissioner of baseball, is a member of the curling team here?"

"I did not," said Bob Grierson.

"Jee water, gentlemen!" asked a waiter, passing by.

Mr. Grierson threw up both hands. Slumped in a chair near by, Charles Carnegie, another member of the Scottish team, a nurseryman from the town of Ayr, also declined. "Water," he said, "will rot your boots."

There had been a party for the visiting curlers the night before. Indeed, there had been a party every night since they arrived in Chicago to begin their tour on Jan. 9th. Parties and curling go together, for it is above all a sociable game. In fact, the international motto of the curling fraternity is: "We're Brithers A'." And when a curler gets brithery, he goes all the way. For instance, the Scottish players were quartered at the homes of their American hosts. And it was understood that on the night table beside the bed of each man there was always to be a

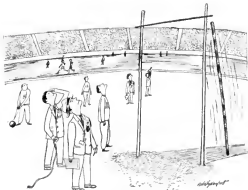
bottle of Scotch. This is no passing fancy with the curlers; it is an article of faith. In one of the first sets of by-laws drawn up in Scotland, it was stated clearly: "Whisky punch to be the usual drink . . . to encourage the growth of barley."

The game itself (confirmed curlers do not like the comparison) is a kind of shuffleboard played on the ice. Forty-pound stones with handles on them are sent sliding along the ice toward a painted bull's-eye, called "The House." Players are able to make the stones curve in or out, like a golfer's slice or hook. As the stone moves toward the target the other members of the team or "rink" run alongside with short mincing sidesteps, sweeping furiously with brooms (the Scots prefer long-handle brushes) to clear the ice of particles and also to create what curlers fondly believe to be a "vacuum" just ahead of the stone. This sweeping, curlers swear, will add up to 12 feet to a stone's distance.

Maybe somebody smart enough could give the curlers an argument about the vacuum. But nobody can deny that the curlers seem to have more fun than almost anybody—on and off the ice. And the beauty of it, say the curlers, is that the game can be played as long as a man is able to stand—and is truly interested in encouraging the growth of barley.

If spring comes . . .

FROST Dallas, Texas last week came a reliable sign of fall (yes, fall): the Southern Methodist football squad began spring training.



PREVIEW

THE WESTMINSTER DOG SHOW

The nation's No. 1 canine event, which starts this Monday in New York, provides a comprehensive look at the big business of showing dogs for love, profit or sport

by REGINALD WELLS

OVER the coming weekend 2,537 of the best show dogs in America—including most of those pictured in SI's color foldout opposite—will invade New York City with their owners and handlers in preparation for the nation's No. 1 canine event, the Westminster Kennel Club show in Madison Square Garden (Feb. 14, 15).

Every one of them a blue ribbon winner (except the puppies), the dogs will come from nearly every state in the Union, as well as Canada and Venezuela, to compete for the greatest single honor in the U.S. dog world—a win at Westminster. The Westminster event is the biggest indoor show of the winter, the climax of the canine year and the beginning of a new season. It is also the oldest consecutive show in this country, having been staged without a break since 1877.

PREDATES PYRAMIDS

This is a tribute not only to the Westminster but to the sport of showing dogs in general—one which large numbers of people pursue with considerable passion for a variety of reasons. To some it is a sport, to others a hobby; still others do it because they like dogs or simply because they like money, of which sizable amounts are involved. But whether it is a professional handler from the West Coast with 20 or 30 dogs, or an amateur owner with his pet on his lap, the goal of all exhibitors at the upcoming show will be the same—to win a Westminster ribbon.

But before the show is over and 1955's champions have been named, tempers will flare; angry accusations will be made and as hotly denied; there won't be enough room; there'll be a

hundred complaints; the noise in the Garden's basement will be like bedlam, and upstairs in the judging rings it will be quiet enough to hear a pin drop. At the end of it all the top judge, Albert E. Van Court, of Los Angeles, will go before a crowd of 10,000 and with a flick of his finger pick the best dog in the show—the highest prestige award a dog can win in the U.S.

Few people realize that the sport of breeding and comparing purebred dogs is one of the oldest in the world. It was going strong long before Egypt's pyramids were built, and down through the ages it has managed to survive the rise and fall of many dynasties and empires. In the U.S. the sport had its beginning in the 1870s, primarily among the sporting gentry.

The first bench show was held in Hempstead, L.I., N.Y. in 1874. There was no authoritative pedigree stud book in those days and many of the dogs entered were anything but purebred. Records of these shows also indicate a propensity for chicanery among the exhibitors of the day and dishonesty on the part of the judges.

These conditions flourished to such a degree that in September of 1884 a group of gentlemen fanciers met in Philadelphia to create a national organization to rule the sport. The group

they formed was the National Bench Show Association, later to be renamed the American Kennel Club. Its first act was to start a stud book in which pedigrees were registered and certified, and from that time on dog shows began to be honest—though there are still those of the fancy, as they call themselves, who stoutly maintain that complete honesty has never quite been achieved.

Today no dog show of any consequence can be held in this country without the blessing of the AKC, which is actually an association of 335 dues-paying regional and breed clubs. The AKC is the official arbiter of the whole dog show sport and watches closely to see that all of its 5,000 rules are strictly carried out. It licenses all the judges (about 2,300) and the professional handlers (about 1,000), and levies fines or suspends them for any proven infractions after a trial hearing. It is the AKC which publishes the standards of perfection for each breed, against which all dogs are judged. Each breed has its own standards and no two are the same. So far no dog has ever been found that met all the requirements of its breed.

Of the 22.5 million dogs in America about a third are purebred and it is these which make up the show-dog population. At present there are about

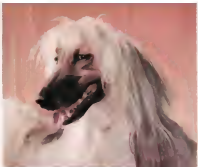
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

FOLDOUT—DO NOT CUT—>

Seven pages in color: portraits of 18 show dog champions and a genealogy chart painted for SI by Arthur Singer, tracing origin of 113 breeds



BOXER Ch. Bang Away of Sirrah Crest won the top event at the Westminster show in 1951 and made history in 1954 by winning his 100th best-in-show award—the highest total so far. Bang Away is owned by Dr. and Mrs. Rafael Harris of Santa Ana, Calif.



AFGHAN HOUND Ch. Tazjon of Crown Crest, best hound at last year's show, will compete again at Westminster next week. A superb specimen of a breed which dates back to 3000 B.C., this champion is owned by Kay Finch of Corona Del Mar, Calif.



BORZOI Ch. Rachmanoff, bred and owned by Katherine E. and Weldon J. McCluskey of Patchogue, N.Y., won best-of-breed at the Westchester show in September. Developed in its native land for hunting wolves, breed is often called Russian wolfhound.



SCOTTISH TERRIER Ch. Edgerstoun Troubadour was named best dog at the Westchester show, the nation's biggest before Westminster. Troubadour's owners, Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Carter of Beech, Ky., are considering entering him in big event.



IRISH TERRIER Ch. Ahtram Golden Chance was best of his breed at the Westchester show and will probably compete against other terriers at Westminster next week. This breed is a good guard dog as well as being an old favorite in the hunting field.



BULLDOG Kippax Fennought, owned by Dr. J. A. Saylor of Long Beach, Calif., is an import from England and is one of the best bulldogs seen in this country for many years. A finalist at the last Westminster show, Kippax is entered again this year.



EGYPTIAN GREYHOUND



SALUKI



AFGHAN HOUND



ITALIAN GREYHOUND



GREYHOUND



GREAT DANE



INDIAN GREYHOUND



SLEUTH HOUND



IRISH WOLFHOUND



WHIPPET



VENDEE HOUND



ST. HUBERT HOUNDS



TALBOT HOUND



SCOTTISH BROOMHOUND



BASSET HOUND



DACHSHUND



BEAGLE



FOXHOUND



BLOODHOUND

OLD ENGLISH BOUGH TERRIER



GOLDEN RETRIEVER



SCOTTISH TERRIER



CAIRN TERRIER



SMOOTH-HAIRED FOX TERRIER



IRISH TERRIER



WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIER



DANDIE DINMONT TERRIER



FOX TERRIER



KERRY BLUE TERRIER



SEOLINGTON TERRIER



SEALYHAM TERRIER



MINIATURE SCHAUSER Ch. Handful's Bantam, owned by Gene Simmonds of Joppa, Md., was lead dog in the best team at last Westminster show and will be out to win the honor again. The miniatures of this breed are the most popular in the U.S.



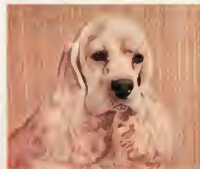
POMERANIAN Ch. Salisbury's Pride O'Possession carried off the best-of-winners award at 1954 Westminster and went best-of-breed at Westchester in September. This bitch is the 33rd champion owned by Mrs. R. J. Webber of Newton Centre, Mass.



STANDARD POODLE Ch. Alfonso von der Goldenen Kette is an import from Germany and is owned by Pennyworth Claiborne Kennels of Hampton Bays, L.I. He reached championship status in only seven shows and will be seen at Westminster next week.



NEWFOUNDLAND Ch. Little Bear's James Thurber, owned by R. E. Dowling Realty of New York, is ranking dog of his breed today. Both his mother and father were Westminster winners and at Westchester show he was named best of Newfoundland breed.



COCKER SPANIEL (ASCOT) Ch. Carnor's Rise and Shine became top dog in 1954 after winning best-in-show at Westminster. His owner, Mrs. Carl E. Morgan of High Point, N.C., has said that Rise and Shine will not defend his title at next week's show.



LHASA APSO Ch. Hamilton Samada is owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Cutting of Gladstone, N.J. and is descended from the special breed of dogs given by the Dalai Lama of Tibet as good luck omens to imperial families of China in 1583 during Manchu Dynasty.

DOG GENEALOGY



CANIS FAMILIARIS METRIS OPTIMAE



PERSIAN SHEEPDOG



COLLIE



GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG



OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG



BRIARD



POMERANIAN



BORDER COLLIE



SHETLAND SHEEPDOG



BELGIAN SHEEPDOG



SCHIPPERKE



WELSH PEMBROKE CORGI



SIBERIAN HUSKY



ALASKAN MALAMUTE



ESKIMO DOG



CHIHUAHUA



NORWEGIAN ELKHOUND



CHOW CHOW



KEESHOND



FIELD SPANIEL



IRISH SETTER



NORFOLK SPANIEL



ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL



COCKER SPANIEL



GERMAN SHORT-HAIRED POINTER

THIS CHART SHOWS THE FAMILY TREE OF 119 DIFFERENT BREEDS OF DOGS

WHEN man first became interested in the breeding of dogs, it was generally thought that the wolf was the common ancestor of all canines. The best scientific evidence available, however, now indicates it was a small creature much like the civet cat, which was called *Tomarectus* and lived 15 million years ago. *Tomarectus* is so pictured on this chart, and the black lines branching out from him lead to the four earliest breeds of dogs, all wild and all now extinct. From these developed, before 6000 B.C., the four general groups of modern domestic dogs. The blue lines at the left of the chart show how herd dogs descend from *Canis familiaris metris-optimae*. The group to the right, joined by ochre lines, shows how closely related the large hunting dogs are to the small toy dogs. The red lines show that hounds and terriers fall into one group. The gray lines at far right connect the guard dogs. The dotted lines indicate important breed crossings among the 119 dogs shown here. The origin of some breeds, however, is a mystery, particularly that of the Puli, which has baffled experts for centuries.

CANIS FAMILIARIS
INTERMEDIUS

TOMARCTUS *

CANIS FAMILIARIS LEINER *

SAMOYED

SHASS APSO
(TERRIER)

EGYPTIAN HOUSE DOG *

MALTESE DOG

TECHCHI *

SHOEK DOG *

LION DOG *

BORZOI OR RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND

MEXICAN HAIRLESS

ITALIAN
SPANIEL *

PUG

PERINGESE

PYRAMES

SPANISH SPANIEL *

POODLE

JAPANESE SPANIEL

PAPILLON

ENGLISH SETTER

BRACQUE *

IRISH WATER SPANIEL

OTTERHOUND

GORDON SETTER

POINTER

DALMATIAN

WELSH TERRIER

AIRDALE TERRIER

GERMAN POINTER *

BRITTANY SPANIEL

SKYE TERRIER

YORKSHIRE TERRIER

WEIMARANER



BLOODHOUND Ch. Giralda's King Kolo, owned by Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge of Madison, N. J., took best-of-breed and best-of-hound group at Westchester show. In spite of formidable appearance, bloodhounds are usually placid and affectionate by nature.



SKYE TERRIER Ch. Merrymont Old Andy of Iradell was top dog of his breed at the Westchester show and will aim at higher honors next week at the Westminster in Madison Square Garden. He is owned by Mrs. N. Clarkson Emf Jr. of Ridgefield, Conn.



OLD ENGLISH SHEPDOG Ch. Shipton Blushing Maid was a stand-in for the lead dog in *King of Hearts* on Broadway as well as being top winning shag dog. Best of her breed at Westchester show, she is owned by Louise Acheson of Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



BASSET HOUND Ch. Pride of Lyn-Mar Acres, owned by John T. Briel of Bordentown, N. J., is one of the best bassets in the country. A popular breed, they have the coloring of a foxhound, the head of a bloodhound and the legs of a dachshund.



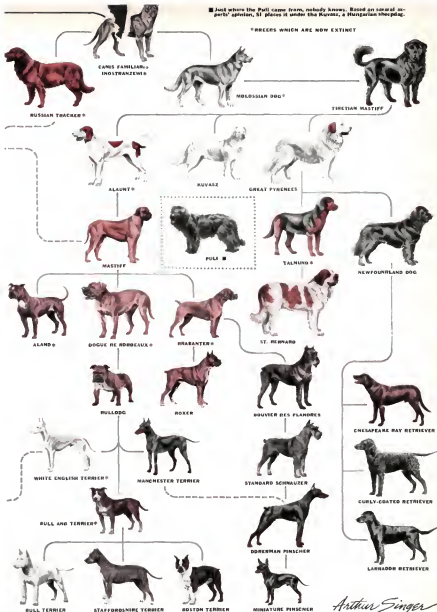
SAMOEDE Ch. Silver Spry of Wyehwood won best-of-breed at the Westchester show and has been entered in the Westminster event by owner, Bernice B. Ashdown of Manhattan, N. Y. Samoyeds, most glamorous of all working dogs, come from Siberia.



YORKSHIRE TERRIER Ch. Star Twilight of Chu-Mor is all-time champion of his breed and won best-toy ribbon at the last Westminster show. Owned by Mrs. L. S. Gordon Jr. and Janet Bennett of Glenview, Ill., he will be competing again this year.

Just where the Puli came from, nobody knows. Based on several experts' opinion, it places it under the Kuvasz, a Hungarian sheepdog.

BREEDS WHICH ARE NOW EXTINCT



Arthur Singer

WESTMINSTER DOG SHOW

continued from page 22

25,000 living dog champions in the U.S., 3,000 having been entered in the AKC. records during 1953. The AKC. divides purebred dogs into six major categories—sporting, nonsporting, hound, working, terrier and toy. It is under these same groupings that dogs are shown and judged.

Most popular breeds today, judged by numbers registered with the AKC., are 1) beagles, 2) boxers, 3) cocker spaniels, 4) dachshunds, 5) Chihuahuas.

Dogs compete against those of their own breed first. If they win, they then compete against the breed winners in the other group categories; and finally the group winners compete for the best-in-show award. For each win at a major show a dog is credited with a certain amount of points to which it keeps adding until it has a total of 15, which is championship status. When it reaches this ultimate (called "being finished" by the fancy) the dog is entitled to the prefix "Ch." on its name.

The cost of showing a dog can be little or a great deal. To take extreme examples, the owners of the champion boxer Bang Away of Sirrah Crest, Dr. and Mrs. Rafael Harris, of Santa Ana, Calif., reckon it has cost them about \$30,000 to campaign their dog to 100 best-in-show wins. On the other hand, Mrs. Edythe Ellis, of Shady Side, Md., finished her champion Pug, Edy-Norm's Mr. Biff, for a total cost of \$19.

Whereas at one time it was considered a mark of social prestige to have at least one dog entered in the West-

minster show each year, today's exhibitors are mostly people of modest means who own just a few dogs and run their kennels themselves. A large majority of the fancy, however, owns only one dog, which they keep as a family pet.

The Westminster Kennel Club itself is something of a contradiction. It has no kennel (and hasn't had one for 59 years) and no clubhouse; it owns not one single dog, and it doesn't require its members to own or breed them. In fact, apart from its one dog show a year, the only other activity of the club is to meet for dinner once a month. The club today is primarily an exclusive group of New York businessmen who enjoy perpetuating a legacy of lofty ideals for the sake of America's second oldest consecutive sporting event (after the Kentucky Derby)—the Westminster Dog Show.

BLUE-BLOODED BEGINNING

The Westminster's history, however, is rich in tradition. Formed in 1877 by a group of wealthy New Yorkers, the club opened large kennels, a pigeon shooting course and a live-in clubhouse at Babylon, L.I. The success of their first dog show in 1877 was such that the members dedicated themselves to making the show an annual event and the best in the nation—something the club has continued to achieve without interruption for the past 78 years.

The kennels and clubhouse in Babylon had to be closed down after pigeon shooting was abolished in N.Y. State, and the club took office space in Manhattan. Members continued to carry on the dog show tradition left by the founders. The present 90-odd members



of the club are mostly bankers, lawyers and brokers. About 20 of these meet once a month for dinner, and the dog enthusiasts among them work on the dog show committees. Only about half of Westminster's members are dog show people. The club hires a professional superintendent to organize the annual dog show but makes up its own lists of judges.

Membership in the club is by invitation and is rarely offered. New members are added only to replace those who die.

The record books of Westminster's historic past, which are now kept in the club's three-room New York office on East 60th Street, shed an illuminating light on the early dog shows.

"If it is canine it is eligible" seems to have been the rule, considering the vicious and obscure beasts which somehow found their way into the judging rings. Not even four legs were required of the dogs. A brown two-year-old bitch called Nellie was entered in the miscellaneous class with a program note explaining that she had been born with only two legs. An Australian wild dog was entered in the first show but when the judges saw that its owner listed his address as Central Park Menagerie, they gave it a wide berth in fear of their lives. Dogs of royalty were a great attraction and two deerhounds called Dagmar and Oscar "bred by Her Majesty the Queen of England from the late Prince Consort's famous breed" were offered for sale at \$100,000. A Siberian wolfhound bred by the czar of Russia was on sale at \$10,000 although it was listed as "pedigree unknown." Prizes in those days were similarly lavish. They included such things as a "Gold and Silver Mounted Pearl Handled Revolver" and a "Russian Leather Silver Mounted Fly Book and One Gross of Assorted Flies."

Today the Westminster prizes are silver medals and bowls and cash prizes, as well as ribbons. Whatever changes the future may hold for this dog show one thing is certain—a win at Westminster will always remain the cherished ambition of all dog exhibitors.



FIRST WESTMINSTER held in 1877 in Gilmore's Garden, N.Y. included many dogs of dubious pedigree, but, as this artist's impression shows, attracted a fashionable public.



OWNERS AND HANDLERS CAREFULLY SET DOGS IN SHOW STANCE AS JUDGING BEGINS

HOW A DOG SHOW IS JUDGED

THE MOST important figures at a dog show are the judges—and Westminster's panel of 46 experts (21 of them women) are the pick of the 2,300 licensed by the American Kennel Club. Heading this year's list is a Los Angeles investment counselor, Albert E. Van Court, who will judge the best-in-show event. A former breeder of dachshunds, Mr. Van Court has been a leading judge for the past 15 years.

His task at the show, after other judges have chosen breed winners and group winners, will be to find the dog which most nearly conforms to its own breed standards. These standards are a description of the physical and mental attributes which enable that kind of dog to perform the special functions for which it has been bred. In certain breeds, for instance, the coat must be weather resistant and the standard will emphasize the quality of the coat; in another breed, speed may be essential and the standard of this breed will emphasize the legs, feet and streamlined body. The judge scores each dog on a points system, giving so many points per attribute out of a possible hundred.

PERFECT DOG NEVER FOUND

But a dog must not only measure up to the physical standards of its breed; it must also have the proper character. A watchdog must be alert and courageous, a field dog responsive and obedient, a terrier audacious, a herd and sled dog poised and sagacious, and a toy, usually a replica of a larger breed, must possess the same characteristics plus a certain affectionate dependence.

Since no perfect dog has ever been found, the actual practice of judging varies somewhat from the theory. Instead of comparing each dog against

the standard of its breed, the judge chooses one dog which he considers nearest to the standard, and then compares the others to this dog. Running his hands over the dog's body the judge checks its "type" (conformation) against its breed's standards and then, with a careful inspection of eyes, teeth, ears, etc., examines it for physical condition (soundness). The handler is then asked to gait the dog at a run so that the judge can see it in motion in the ring. At this point, ring presence and show personality enter into the adjudication. A show dog should be obedient, should display showmanship qualities and should move with smooth action. The dog scoring the highest number of points in both type and soundness, plus the rest, is the winning dog.

TO BE A HANDLER

BECAUSE improper handling in the show ring can ruin the chances of even the best dog, most owners hire professionals to do the job. About 1,000 professional handlers are licensed by the American Kennel Club, and their average fee is under \$20. Some of the top handlers are under contract to certain owners who have first call on their services. Fees for contract services can run from \$5,000 to \$10,000.

The professional handler's job is to condition the dog for the show and then handle it during the judging. A good handler knows how to hide a dog's weak points and play up its strong points. He can straighten a crooked leg or make a too short neck a little longer just by clipping the dog's coat the right way.

During the judging it is common for handlers to use a number of ploys guaranteed to show off their dog to better advantage—or disparage that of the competition. Some of the ploys are: Vie for the best position and keep it; reset your dog every time the judge moves around so he sees only the dog's best side; pose your dog, seemingly inadvertently but actually on purpose, so that it obscures the judge's view of the better bitch next to it; "piano-play" the dog's strongest points—meaning fuss and run your hand over the dog's good points so the judge's eyes are drawn away from the bad.

Perhaps the biggest reason why owners hire handlers is because they themselves are too nervous to do the job.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



ALBERT E. VAN COURT, SHOWN HERE WITH A WINNING AFGHAN, WILL JUDGE TOP AWARDS

KEEPING TROUBLE OUT OF DOG SHOWS IS HIS BUSINESS

THE FRIGHTENING TASK of bringing together under one roof at the same time 2,500 highly strung and priceless show dogs, plus their owners and handlers, is a job so nearly impossible that only one man in the country has for the past 27 years been allowed to do it. He is 73-year-old George Foley of Philadelphia, the professional superintendent of the Westminster show since 1928.

Normally a quiet-voiced little man with the kindly patience and demeanor of a Sunday School teacher, Foley's lifetime of bossing the nation's top dog shows has left him with the tenacity of a deaf bulldog, and if provoked, the fighting instincts of a great Dane.

DETECTIVES GUARD DOGS

Foley found out a long time ago that there was no such thing as a smoothly run dog show. A show's success can be judged only in how low the number of trouble-making incidents can be kept. His basic principle for running a good dog show is simple. If hard to carry out: make everybody obey the rules.

As head of the Foley Dog Show Organization, Inc., which handles 140 shows (indoor and out) a year and is the largest firm of its kind in the world, Foley tries to make the rules stick—and in doing so has become czar of the canine world and probably the most controversial personality in the business. Foley has learned to disregard this; he has work to do. Each year he packs up to 100,000 square feet of canvas, \$250,000 worth of benching and ring equipment, 35 salaried hands and all the equipment, blue ribbons, catalogs and mechanical stake-drivers necessary for a dog show into five trailer trucks and sets out from his Philadelphia headquarters to set up and oversee the nation's top shows.

Depending upon size, he charges a fee of \$500-\$25,000 per show. His biggest headaches come at shows like the Westminster. Apart from the months of preparation, printing of the premium list and catalogs and handling of thousands of entries, Foley's team of hired help and staffers work around the clock, much like a circus crew, throughout the entire two-day event. To ensure safety for the purebred dogs benched overnight in the Garden, Foley has teams of Pinkerton detectives supplementing his own guards



GEORGE FOLEY became professional supervisor of Westminster show in 1928.

and officials on the doors. Every unused and locked exit door is fastened with a Foley seal (a paper sticker) to make sure nobody gets in or out except through the proper gates. While the show is on, Foley prowls around the rings and down in the basement sniffing out the scent of trouble like an old gun dog flushing quail.

Foley left a \$24-a-week job as a fishing tackle salesman in 1902 to run his first dog show and today, with 5,000 shows behind him, he shudders at the thought of the things that can go wrong. In the heat of blue-ribbon competition some owners, with thou-

sands of dollars and large chunks of their own vanity and ego invested in the dogs, will stop at nothing short of murder to win—and even that has been tried more than once. A prize Boston terrier owned by Frank Brumby, of Long Island, was fed ground glass and died before it could get into the ring and a best-in-show contender was once slashed with a razor.

In addition to attempts at murdering the competition, belladonna has been put into a dog's eyes to make them shine more winningly; badly marked dogs have been dyed; others have had spots painted on them with boot black; judges have been accused of favoritism and outright dishonesty, and at least one has been banished from the ring for having the smell of drink on his breath. Hardly a show goes by that Foley doesn't have to referee a quarrel, calm down upset losers and convince at least six people that the judge hasn't been fixed.

Exhibitors caught breaking any of the rules are reported to the AKC, for disciplinary action and possible banishment from the sport.

Looking back over his career Foley, who has never been bitten by a dog, still hasn't made up his mind which cause him the most trouble—people or dogs. Dog or man, he thinks it all depends on environment and education.



CROWDED BASEMENT of Madison Square Garden, where handlers and owners bench their dogs and prepare them for show rings upstairs, is constant hotbed of trouble.



DOGS ARE A \$500 MILLION INDUSTRY

ACCORDING to a recent survey made by the Gaines Dog Research Center, there are now 22.5 million dogs in the U.S., of which about a third are purebred. Some 17 million families—about 40% of all American homes—own one or more dogs, with the South having the most. Catering to this enormous group of modern-day canines has created in this country an active industry with the highly respectable turnover of more than \$500 million annually. Dog lovers last year, for example, bought nearly two billion pounds of prepared dog food at an estimated cost of \$250 million.

Of the 17,000 veterinarians in America about 13,000 work with dogs and other small pets. There are 2,300 hospitals where dog ailments can be treated, and \$50 million are spent yearly on dog remedies and veterinary services. Today, whether it likes it or not, the American dog is an emancipated creature with all the benefits of modern civilization, including such things as psychiatrists, dude ranches and even "college" educations at its disposal.

Two decades ago when they began making a dog food called Pard, Swift & Co. was afraid to put their name on the can. It would be like Tiffany's selling horse collars, they thought. Not until the dog food business was booming did the company finally allow their name on the cans—and then only in small print. Dog food has come a long way since then. Today it is accepted as being virtually as pure in content and preparation as similar foods for human consumption.

In catering to the tastes of humans who want to make people out of dogs, manufacturers have built up a fantastic \$25 million-a-year business in doggy clothes, grooming aids and services.

As early as 1934, a sign of times to come in the dog business was revealed in the catalog of Abercrombie & Fitch which advertised "goggles for motorizing dogs and a mustache cup dish for spaniels." Among the items of dog esoterica available today are maternity coats with let-out and move-back buttons, Scottish outfits, canine candy, a roto-romp exerciser for weight reducing and centrally heated dog houses.

Thousands of dog beauty parlors give dogs bubble baths, permanent waves and manicures, and Poodles by Dana Inc., a New York firm, will dye dogs the color of their owner's costume.

WHAT WELL-DRESSED DOGS WEAR

Clothes for dogs have become a profitable fad and some of the world's top stylists have designed garments for them. Mr. John, of New York City, will make cocktail hats for dogs starting at \$35. Most department stores and pet shops across the nation carry a variety of dog accessories. Macy's offers a mink collar coat (\$19.98). Such items as sequin-studded collars trimmed with ermine tails, red terry cloth morning robes, pearl barrettes and imitation emerald earrings can be bought in many shops. Some stores, like Hamacher Schlemmer in New York City, specialize in dog items like polo coats for the country and dog boots. One of its best selling items today is a dog perfume named Kennel #9 (1 oz. \$3).

The Dog's Own Shop, in New York's Greenwich Village, offers for dogs a removable chest protector, leather shoes, and four-legged white bath pajamas. A Texan was so pleased with some silver hair clips which Linx Bros., "Jewelists,"

of Dallas made for his poodle, that he ordered a \$250 diamond-studded white-gold set for Sundays.

For city dog owners there are now canine walkers and dog sitters. For dogs wishing to get away from it all there are places like the Dog Bath Club in Manhattan (three large running tracks, a sun deck and outdoor swimming pool), the Valley Country Club for Pets on Long Island, and the Dude Ranch for Dogs at Big Bear Lake, Calif. If the problems run deeper, Clarence E. Harbison, of Darien, Conn., a dog psychologist who has treated hundreds of neurotic pets, can be called in. For purposes of higher education there is John Behan's New England Canine College, which takes only resident "students" and specializes in cases with personality problems. Dogs afraid of traffic undergo orientation courses listening to traffic noises on records.

At the Canine University in New York dogs are taught to live with humans, while a school for dogs in Chicago goes a step further and also offers courses teaching humans how to live with dogs.

In Hartsdale, N.Y. more than 25,000 dogs rest in peace among the maple groves in America's biggest cemetery for pets. Some dogs interred here have had elaborate funerals with lying-in-state periods of several days and five lie in a \$25,000 mausoleum.

At man's side since the Paleolithic period, dogs are today increasing in population four times faster than humans, but experts foresee no immediate problems—not as long as the public continues to kill pets with kindness. ☐



CANINE FINERY now available extends to items like living room bed upholstered in leopard- and zebra-skin materials and natty waistcoats adorned with costume jewelry.

So Easy..So Simple YOU CAN OPERATE IT BLINDFOLDED



Shakespeare SPIN-WONDEREEL

No. 1743



only
\$13.50

With a Spin-Wonderel, your line is never fouled up around ball wires, knobs or pick-up devices...it's always at your finger-tip. Pick it up with your index finger...back up the crank a fraction of a turn...make your cast! So easy, so simple, you can operate it blindfolded. Five models, \$13.50 to \$27.50; No. 1760 has right-side crank.

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY

See your dealer, or this article! "Two Novels, Two Simple Novels"...that's all it takes to learn!



Free! THREE BOOKLETS AND FISHING CALENDAR
"New Ways to Use Spinning Tackle",
"How to Choose and Use Fly Tackle",
"Catching Big Fish—Big Game",
and 1955 Fishing Calendar.

SHAKESPEARE CO.
Dept. 34-3,
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Please send Free Booklets and Pocket
Fishing Calendar.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially useful for
high-handicap golfers

from **WILLIE HUNTER**, pro at the Riviera Country Club

WHEN the ball lies on the apron only a foot or so from the green, a sensible club to use sometimes is the famous "Texas wedge," the putter. However, when the ball is lying fairly well back on the apron and the apron is shaggy—as it is on most courses that are not baked out like many in Texas—a putt is subject to all sorts of little kicks that throw off both the direction and the calculated distance. Knowing this, a good many players play this chip from off the green with a wedge or niblick, attempting to loft the ball up near the flag with some bite on it. That's a dangerous and difficult shot, too. There's a happy medium, I believe—the flat little pitch-and-run played with the five, six, or seven iron.

I call this the pitch-and-run, the traditional term, but maybe the phrase pitch-and-putt would describe the type of shot more clearly. What the player aims to do is pitch the ball, in a relatively low arc, so that it carries over the unpredictable bounces of the apron, lands on the front of the evenly cut green, settles down after a bounce or two and runs like a putt to the flag. The golfer must estimate the spot on the green where he wishes to land the ball, gauging the run it will then have if it is to roll on and expire close by the cup. It is a relatively easy shot to master and a great saver of strokes.



Playing a chip shot from the apron, Willie Hunter uses a seven iron (left), which he grips in his fingers low on leather of shaft



Hooding the club slightly, Hunter taps the ball delicately so it carries to the green's surface, then rolls like a putt

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: BILL GORDON ON THE FRIENDLY GRIP



ON THE BOLIVIAN SIDE OF LAKE TITICACA, TWO ANGLERS NEAR HUATAHATA READY THEIR BOAT FOR A DAY'S FISHING

TROUT IN THE CLOUDS

It is summer at Lake Titicaca in the Andes, time to catch a king's ransom in rainbows

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK ZAJAC

In the late 1930s the governments of Peru and Bolivia introduced rainbow and brown trout to Lake Titicaca on their lofty frontier in the Andes. They hoped for good results—and got them. The success of the experiment was proved to the full satisfaction of, for one, Sen. Bourke Hickenlooper (R., Iowa) last October 2nd when he landed a 34½-pound rainbow, a fish only two pounds under the world record. Airline pilots have known of the lake's fabulous fishing for the last few years and

have made repeated off-time trips to it. Today more and more traveling sportsmen are stopping at La Paz, Bolivia to fish the 100-mile-long lake nearby.

Accommodations in the little towns adjacent to the lake are anything but deluxe. The fishing, however, is of a caliber to make any pilgrimage bearable. Few fishermen will quibble at a place where a three-pound rainbow is a nuisance to be shaken off, a ten-pounder is commonplace and a fish of double this weight a likely prospect.

It has been possible for a man to catch 500 pounds of trout a day at Titicaca.

It is summer there now, which is also the rainy season. Because of this the rivers are too high, but they will be right from April through June. Some have never seen a fly, as local anglers prefer spinning and bait-casting outfits, with lurgish spoons and wobblers.

But the lake itself is worth a trip anytime, if only for the spectacular scenery, some of which is shown on these pages.



TOWING A SAILBOAT to be used later (rental; 50¢ an hour), a party heads for a bay. Typical fishing gear lies on the deck.



INDIANS SET OUT IN BALSA-WOOD CRAFT TO PUT DOWN

TWELVE-POUND RAINBOW comes aboard. This is a fairly common size at Titicaca, and sometimes two

anglers find themselves each fighting a pair of such fish which jump again and again in the clear mountain air.





THEIR NETS FOR A SMALL FISH CALLED A BÖGA. THEY ALSO SPEAR RAINBOW TROUT, AND HAVE SET UNOFFICIAL RECORD OF 45 POUNDS

HAPPY GIRL watches while her prize is gaffed. The fish are most easily taken on "hardware" — metal lures that flash or spin.



CURIOUS INDIANS watch fishermen set up their rods near Escalón on the Peruvian side, where there are no boat facilities.





BOY WITH A BURDEN, 15 pounds of rainbow trout, demonstrates the fabulous quality of Lake Titicaca's fishing. The Peru-

vian government restocks the lake annually with a million small trout for later harvest by the natives and visiting sportsmen.

Driving is fun again!



In the days of the Smitz Bearcat, driving was a thrilling adventure — not just a way of getting places. Today, thanks to the sports car, driving is FUN again! The improvements pioneered by sports cars in roadability, suspension, acceleration, and braking power make today's passenger cars more fun to drive. Those same improvements put extra demands on today's tires. Significantly, most sports car builders select Dunlop tires as original equipment. Dunlops have the extra strength and stamina to meet the requirements of high speed cornering, fast acceleration and heavy braking — yet give long, trouble-free service.

The next time you need replacement tires for your car, follow the lead of sports car makers the world over. Insist on Dunlop.

DUNLOP

TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION

Factory and Executive Offices Buffalo 5, New York

DUNLOP... Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry



More sports cars ride
on Dunlop Tires than any
other make.



AUTHOR AND HIS SON. Kevin, cheek records with Museum Director Sid Koenig.

A VISIT TO THE HALL OF FAME

Novelist James T. Farrell finds baseball's shrine at Cooperstown not only a rich storehouse of mementos but a wonderful stimulus for the memories of great days on the diamond treasured by millions of Americans

by JAMES T. FARRELL

LONG before the Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum was established in Cooperstown, New York, every real lover of baseball carried his own Hall of Fame in his own mind. I was reminded of this fact when my 14-year-old son and I visited the Cooperstown Museum recently. As we looked at the plaques, the old gloves, balls, bats, pictures and other exhibits, my own baseball recollections came back to me in a slow flood of memory.

When I was a boy, I would sit at the family dinner table listening to my un-

cles talk baseball, and I used to hear them respectfully mention such great players as Pop Anson, A. G. Spaulding and Wee Willie Keeler—players who preceded Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Napoleon Lajoie and the other outstanding stars of my own boyhood. There is an oral tradition of baseball, which is passed on from generation to generation: it has, in itself, served as a kind of mythical Hall of Fame.

I have seen most of the players now immortalized at Cooperstown, when they were in the big leagues. I was told

of the others by my elders. I, in turn, have told my son of all of these players. His first school composition was about King Kelly, who also is in the Hall of Fame. My uncles told me stories of "Shide, Kelly, Shide."

We stopped before the plaque of Ed Walsh, the old spitball pitcher, and I suddenly remembered a sultry sunless Sunday morning in August of 1911, when I was just seven years old. My older brother and I were walking along Wentworth Avenue in Chicago. He poked up off the sidewalk a white box seat ticket for that afternoon's baseball game at Comiskey Park. Both of us were admitted on the one ticket. Sitting in the grandstand we watched Ed Walsh pitch a winning no-hit game against the Boston Red Sox. This was one of the first and also most exciting experiences in my long years as a baseball fan. I went home spinning on air. And as I entered the front door, I was told that while we had been at the hall game, a new baby sister of mine had arrived. I replied spontaneously, not with these words but with this thought:

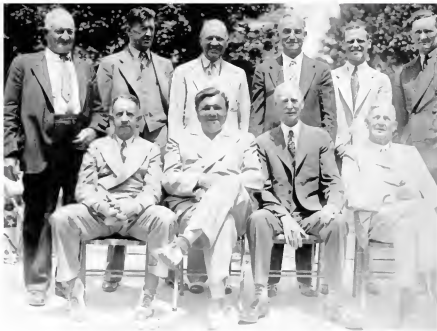
"Good. She will always be remembered because she was born on the day that Ed Walsh pitched a no-hit game."

That was more or less the beginning of my own private Hall of Fame. As the years went on, as I saw, lived, talked and read about baseball, many others joined Walsh there. One day my uncle, a traveling salesman, came home from a trip on the road and handed me the first regulation major league baseball which I ever owned. He told me that Rube Waddell had given it to him for me. I learned everything I could about Rube Waddell and was almost ready to fight anyone who said that Waddell was not a great pitcher.



THE MIGHTY BABE entrances youngsters who never saw him play. At left, Richard Mack of Manhattan, N.Y. inspects the contents of Ruth's locker. At right, Henry Douglas of Ramsey, N.J. shows his son Edward the Babe's plaque in the Hall of Fame.





ORIGINAL IMMORTALS elected to Hall of Fame were photographed at Cooperstown in 1939. Missing were Willie Keeler and Christy Mathewson, both deceased, and Ty Cobb, who arrived

late. Front from left, Eddie Collins, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and Cy Young; rear, Honus Wagner, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Tris Speaker, Napoleon Lajoie, George Sisler, Walter Johnson.

Standing before Rube Waddell's plaque, I read that he had won more than 200 games in major league competition. But according to my own memories, Waddell had won only 193 games. I mentioned this discrepancy to Sid C. Keener, the old-time baseball reporter who is now the director of the museum. Keener got out all of the record books from the world's best baseball library, created by Ernest Lanigan, and sat at his desk in the Hall of Fame room, figuring and checking how many games Rube Waddell had really won. It is generally agreed that Waddell belongs with Mathewson, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Walter Johnson and Ed Walsh. But the books do not agree on his record. Two of them credit him with 203 major league victories; two others give him a lifetime total of 193.

Details and memories of old games are treasured only by the fan who loves the game; to anyone else they are meaningless. But of such memories and

recollections is baseball made. The Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum is interesting and fascinating because it stimulates and sometimes challenges these memories.

The plaques are not the only stimuli. Through the glass of a showcase I read the first contract of Eddie Collins, signed by him and Connie Mack when Collins was a student and a varsity backfield man at Columbia University. Collins signed his own name to the contract but played his first big-league year under the name of Sullivan.

MASKS OF GLORY

Then there are the gloves, the masks, the World Series rings and trophies, and many baseballs that figured in great and famous plays. You see the skintight glove used by Neal Ball when he made his unassisted triple play, and other gloves scarcely larger than a man's hand. Looking at the cushions used today, one wonders how a modern player could make an error.

Finally, of course, there are the photographs. When I was a boy, I used to stand out front of a cigar store at 51st Street and Prairie Avenue in Chicago. I would ask every man who came out of the store to give me the picture of the baseball player which came with the package of cigarettes. I remember begging for these pictures on the day that Woodrow Wilson was first elected President of the United States. For some reason or other I, then eight, wanted Wilson to win, but I wanted those baseball pictures more than I wanted Wilson in Washington. Many pictures like the ones I collected, looked at, thought about and treasured, hang on a wall in one of the rooms of the museum.

You cannot remain long in the museum, looking about, watching the other visitors, overhearing chance comments and remarks without sensing that the atmosphere is one of sentiment, nostalgia and even sentimental-

continued on next page



THE
BOTANY
CAMERA
focuses on America's
original, remarkable
WRINKLE-PROOF TIE

Now enjoy the famous tie with the
amazing resistance to wrinkles
in a sparkling new series of sporting
READ TIE PRINTS **\$1.50**



Ben Bardach
America's number one
Men's Fashion Authority

TIPS: See these ties. You'll like the
bright **SUNSHADES** for your darker
suits and the light **LOWSHADES** for your
lighter suits. And send for my booklet
of **SALES TIPS**. It's free!

BOTANY BRANDS, INC.
Empire State Bldg., New York, N. Y.



THE HALL ITSELF is shown here in
1909, when 10,000 attended the dedication.

COOPERSTOWN *continued*

ity. Many gray-haired men come and drift about from case to case. As they stare, their faces soften up. The past comes back to them. Boyhood and young manhood glow once again in them. Those baseballs in the cases are the balls that many of them never pitched, caught or hit on a big-league diamond. The uniforms are the baseball suits they never wore. The plaques speak of the records they never broke, the lives they never led and the boyhood dreams they never fulfilled.

Wives do not always appreciate this. One day an elderly couple showed up. The wife was not interested in baseball. Calling her "dear," the gray-haired husband said that he would only be a few minutes. She sat on a chair impatiently.

The few minutes became a half hour. She grew more nervous and began mumbling complaints about her hus-

band. Then she loudly told herself that her husband was just ridiculous. And every so often the husband would come back to tell the bored and restless wife that he would be finished very quickly. She would upbraid him. He would go back and look fascinatedly at more exhibits. He kept her sitting there most of the afternoon. When they finally left, she was quarreling with him and she seemed convinced that her husband had lost his mind.

Old ballplayers often come to the museum, and sometimes they, too, quarrel, but for different reasons. Not long ago two old-time pitchers, both well over 60, got into a discussion of a game they had pitched against each other many years ago. The younger one said he had won it.

"You never beat me in that game," the second old big-leaguer said.

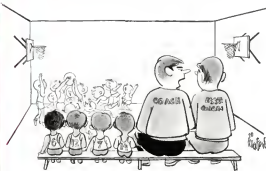
They grew angry and argued.

"I beat you that game. You never beat me and you never could," the second old-timer said in even greater anger.

The two old ballplayers almost came to blows.

A SENSE OF MELANCHOLY

Mixed with the pleasure a baseball fan feels at seeing the mementos in the museum is a sense of melancholy. I recall visiting the ruins of Olympia, the site of the original Olympic games. The stadium was washed away in a flood centuries ago, but the cement starting line for the racers remains. Athletics was bound up with the religion of ancient Greece. In America this is not the case, although baseball is deeply integrated into our culture.



"I tell you, Merl, if I had a good 4-foot 6-inch center
we could take our school district heads down."

It is loved. It is also big business.

And yet some of our great baseball players are thought of in somewhat the same terms as the athletes of ancient Greece. There is one story of an Olympic runner who was winning his race. Nearing the finish line, his loin-cloth began to fall down. He could either have paused, pulled it up and lost the race, or else let it fall off and go on to be the victor. He won the race running stark naked. Ty Cobb played ball the way that ancient Greek ran a race. To him it must have been a way of life, as it was to some others, many of whom are gone—Ruth, Gehrig, Alexander, Mathewson, Eddie Collins. You see the plaques and pictures of these baseball players of the past and they stir melancholy reflections on the biological changes and tragedy of man.

AN EARLIER AMERICA

Baseball historians have challenged the claim that Cooperstown is the real home of baseball. But even if this be granted, there is a certain appropriateness in the museum's being located here. It is an old and attractive village on the shores of Otsego Lake. Although its Main Street is like many other Main Streets, a sense of a different pioneer America pervades Cooperstown. To go there is like breathing a little of the air of an earlier America.

In the Hall of Fame room, there is on exhibit a homemade old ball with the stuffing coming out of it. It is somewhat smaller than the modern ball. It was found in an attic not far from Cooperstown and well might have been used for games of town ball, one o' cat or baseball in General Abner Doubleday's lifetime. Baseball was probably played elsewhere in the 1830s or early 1840s. But it was also played in Cooperstown.

FATHER AND SON

There is a standard joke about the father who buys an electric train for his son as a Christmas present. The toy is for the boy. But comes Christmas morning and there is the old man on the floor amidst the tracks, engine cars, signals, electric motor and other paraphernalia. It is a question as to whom the toy is for, the father or the son. The father is playing with the train set he never had as a boy. I felt somewhat like the father of this old saw when I went about the Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum with my own son. For whom was the visit? My son liked it. But it appeared that I liked it even more than he.

(ENR)

"No
irritating
wrinkles"

Allen-Edmonds flexibility follows your foot in action ... while famous nailless construction and cork cushioning make each stride to success a pleasure. Step into the upper echelon by stepping into Allen-Edmonds. They're guaranteed comfortable ... in writing!



MacGregor



most styles \$34.95
Write for FREE catalog 28-1

ALLEN-EDMONDS • BELGIUM, WIS.



Let us send this issue to two of your sports-minded friends

So many people have told us they liked to share SPORTS ILLUSTRATED with their friends that we'd be happy to help in the sharing. We'll send a copy of this issue free, with your compliments, to any two friends whose names you give us below.

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. FS, 546 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send a copy of this issue, without charge, to:

Name _____ please print _____ Name _____ please print _____

Address _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ City _____ State _____

Your name _____ please print _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

3-14

SKIING

A RACING PROBLEM

Europe's first expert on the subject offers advice to aid a vanishing species: the true amateur skier

by SIR ARNOLD LUNN



IN the early days of downhill racing, the holiday skier could hold his own against the career skier, and the townsmen of London and Paris could race on even terms with the Alpine peoples. In those days, our British ladies won two world championships and our best amateurs—Mackintosh, Bracken and my son Peter—won occasional international competitions against the best Alpine aces. But by the early '30s, it was becoming clear that a traveling circus of stars was beginning to dominate the races, and that the proportion of participants to spectators was declining rapidly.

As the top racers were all accepted by the Fédération Internationale de Ski as amateurs—including those who taught skiing for money—the paper distinction between amateur and professional was useless to prevent what, in point of fact, has now happened: the elimination of the genuine amateur from the top competitions.

Furthermore, even the paid ski instructors were beginning to suffer a disadvantage. While they spent hours every day teaching the sport, a select number of "amateurs" were completely free to practice, backed by their parents or by commercial institutions that often invested thousands of dollars in securing for their amateur the best possible training.

In the light of these circumstances, it seemed important to make a different distinction than the one between amateur and professional—namely that between the holiday and the career athlete. And by career athlete I mean the man who is making or intends to make a career of sport, either as a teacher, a player, an exhibition performer, or by giving his name to sporting equipment or joining a sports firm outright. The holiday athlete, on the other hand, is planning for a career which has no connection with sport; and consequently, his opportunities for sport are limited to his leisure time.

I felt, therefore, that an urgent need was developing for an important in-

ternational event restricted to genuine holiday skiers. Accordingly, I approached the Duke of Kent for permission to start a race which would bear his name, and which would be restricted to skiers who did not live in skiing centers. Furthermore, each entrant must have skied for no more than 60 days in the previous winter season. In connection with this individual competition, there was to be a townsmen's team race for a cup presented by the Infante Alfonso d'Orléans Bourbon.

Most of those who heard of the race assured me that qualifying standards for the Duke of Kent race would not work, and that the Kent qualification would be even more of a joke than Olympic amateurism. In fact, one Italian skier told me point blank, "You know, my dear Arnold, in the country of Machiavelli, this qualification would be most difficult to enforce."

In the face of all this pessimism, the first race was held in 1937 and won by Arnold Kaseh, present secretary of FIS. Since then the Kent Cup has been held 12 times, and, I am happy to say, the Kent qualification, unlike amateur standards in many other in-

ternational competitions, has stood up. Whereas there is a kind of gentlemen's agreement to raise no questions about the amateur qualifications of Olympic ski competitors, the entrants in the Duke of Kent have regarded it as a point of honor not to cheat on their credentials.

The Kent race has gradually become the parent of a large family of other townsmen's or *cittadini* competitions. Qualifications for these races vary, and none but the Kent Cup imposes the 60-day limit. However, at the Derby Sciatori Cittadini at Sestriere on Jan. 29, and at the upcoming Le Derby des Skieurs Citadins at Mégeve on Feb. 26, all members of the national teams of the leading skiing countries are barred.

INVITATION FROM EUROPE

Britain has won four Kent competitions since the war. Among the winning towns in past Infante Alfonso competitions are Berne, Lucerne, Oslo and London. It would be delightful to welcome a team from Los Angeles, Boston, New York or any of the other American cities where skiers abound. For, just as in Europe, there are hundreds of holiday skiers in America who have a taste for international competition, but who would have no hope of finishing in the first half of an Arlberg-Kandahar or a Lauberhorn. They might, however, have a good chance of victory in the Kent or any of the other Cittadini races. In any case, they would be most welcome as entrants in a truly amateur event, competing against skiers of their own caliber who have had comparable opportunities for practice and training.

(CONT)



"Biggest and tastiest fish I ever caught."

SPORTING LOOK

NEW SPARK TO PARKAS

Skiers at Aspen, Colorado are more colorful this winter than ever before

ONLY A FEW seasons ago, a colorfully dressed skier could be only one of two things: a snow bunny who didn't know any better or a professional good enough to get away with anything. The dictum for several million middle-of-the-track U.S. skiers was black, gray or navy blue, both in pants and parkas. The cut was the thing.

This winter at Aspen, Colo., a serious ski town if there ever was one, there is a new spark to parkas. The traditional black nylon or processed cotton has been brightened in various ways—with multicolored stripes in sunbursts; with plaids and embroidery. For ski pants, however, black and gray are still the most popular colors. Even in Europe, where the most colorful of ski clothes originate, colored pants are not bought but earned.

Other innovations at Aspen: hoods or knitted helmets, worn instead of the traditional fast caps; ski knickers, worn with thick waterproof socks by some of the Ski Patrol members.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IY PIZKIN

Honeymooners Mary and Ray Farley of Racine, Wis. wait for the lift at Aspen. Mary's black cotton parka is embroidered with edelweiss and came from Interlaken, Switzerland. She knitted Ray's handsome black and white figured sweater herself.





Mrs. Ernest Gann chats with Jack Holst at the Sun Deck, Aspen's favorite lunching place, atop Ajax mountain. Her striped parka has straight lines, features a flattering notched hood. Mr. Holst wears a beanie for extra warmth under the hood of his parka.

Honey Pfeiffer, wife of Friedl Pfeiffer, codirector of the Aspen ski school, wears a sunray-striped parka from Alli's of Aspen for a sunny Sunday ski. Her good-luck piece, a St. Bernard medal which she won't ski without, dangles from her belt buckle.



University of Wisconsin Coed Mary Ann Barry heads for the chair lift in a plaid hooded poplin parka, cut on the bias and lined with nylon. Her belt features ski-pole base as center emblem.





THROUGHOUT ENGLAND, VILLAGE CRICKET IS PLAYED ON WELL-KEPT FIELDS LIKE THIS AT POTTEN ENO, HERTFORDSHIRE. BOWLER

GALICO ON CRICKET

continued from page 15

the British never seem to change the rules at all.

And yet, oddly there is both rhyme and reason to it, arrived at probably by sheer accident when the boys were mucking about on the village green centuries ago.

AN ABSORBING DUEL

The 22-yard cricket pitch, the distance between the point where the bowler must release the ball and the



BALL has hard, red leather cover. It is smaller than a baseball, weighs only 3½ oz.

stumps defended by the batsman, makes for an absorbing duel between the main disputants in the game, the fellow who throws the ball and the man with the stick. As in baseball, all kinds of interesting and exciting things can happen once the ball is released. A number of them are dangerous to life and limb, and there are as many ways of getting a man out as there are in baseball, not to mention the fact that the hitter is called upon to produce genuine miracles of coordination and timing.

There is no time here to explain cricket in detail, even if I could. Perhaps, however, if I were to draw some analogies between the problems facing pitchers, batters and fielders in baseball and the bowlers and batters in cricket you may get enough of a sniff of this queer game to make you want to go to Lord's (home grounds of the Marylebone Cricket Club, the famous MCC) of an afternoon the next time you visit London and see it happen before your eyes.

We play nine men on a side, the British 11. Of these, one is an active bowler, or pitcher, another the wicket keeper or catcher. The latter is the only man to wear gloves besides the batter. The remaining nine men, three or four of whom will be bowlers, field in varying positions on the large, oval green, some close up under the guns, others at the boundaries, their equivalent of our outfield.

The fielders are placed in their positions by the man who knows best where he expects the batted ball to go, namely, the bowler, the fellow who delivers it. You have seen baseball infields and outfields shifted left or right, in or out, to play certain hitters, but the basic positions are never abandoned in baseball. The cricket bowler sets his fielders where he thinks they will do the most good, including behind the batter, for the purpose of catching what in our game would be foul tips or slices off his bat. There are no foul balls in cricket.

At least four of these positions are dangerous enough for the occupiers of them to qualify as blood brothers of the Kamikaze pilots. In baseball, the nearest fielder to the batter's box (except, of course, for the catcher) is the pitcher, whose follow-through may bring him to within 55 feet of the batsman. Babe Ruth was always afraid he

would kill a pitcher if he really sent a hot one through, skull-high.

Cricket fielders play in front of the batter, often within 10 yards of him—off to one side—outside the pitch, and even closer behind him, wearing no protection of any kind.

As in baseball, the main function of the fielder, next to staying alive, is to assist in getting the batter out and keeping runs down. As in baseball, the cricket fielder can dismiss the batter by catching any fly ball or liner off his bat before it touches the ground. Or, by a lively bit of pick-up and throw, he can field a hot grounder and get the ball back to the wicket keeper while the running batter is still out of his crease, or off base, as we would put it. He has a choice of two bases or wickets to throw to, since in this game six balls are howled to the batter protecting the wicket at one end of the pitch and then six more to the man at the other end. When a ball is hit by either, both batters run. I know it sounds wacky, but think, if you had never in your life seen baseball, how awfully a



LAMINATED BAT is willow. Batsman wears gloves, cane and canvas leg guards.



(FOURTH FROM RIGHT) HAS JUST HURLED FAST BALL TO BATSMAN (LEFT). WICKET KEEPER HAS BACKED CLEAR OUT OF PICTURE

walk followed by a single followed by a double play would look.

Further, by blocking hits with his feet, hands or skull the fielder can keep the batter from running even though he has hit the ball, and by scuttling like a frightened rabbit after full sweeps (solid hits) he can sometimes prevent the ball from going over the boundary of the field for an automatic four runs.

As in baseball, however, the main duel is between the thrower and the hitter. The bowler, incidentally, must hurl the ball with a full over-arm motion without bending his elbow. He may not throw it, snap it or jerk it as is permitted our pitchers. It takes some doing. I tried that once and thought my arm had left my shoulder with the ball.

THREE WAYS TO AN OUT

However, whereas our pitcher has but one direct means of disposing of the batter, via the strike-out, the bowler can dismiss his man in one of three ways. The first is if he bowls him cleanly, that is to say, hits the stumps with the ball and knocks off the bails, two little pieces of wood balanced atop the three stumps that form the wicket. The second is if he can lure the batter to block the ball from the stumps with his pads instead of the bat, when he is called out, *Leg Before Wicket*, a descriptive enough term; and the third is if he coaxes the batter forward out of his crease or batter's box, the ball is missed and the wicket keeper catches it and whips the balls off the stumps before the batter can get back.

But this is not the end of the difficulties that beset the batsman. He is likewise called out if he breaks his wicket with his own bat, or any part of his clothes or deflects the ball into it; he is a gone goose if he hits at a ball twice

in an attempt to clear it from his wicket, or touches it with his hands, or is ruled in any way to have obstructed the field.

This would seem to make the batsman's life a considerable nightmare



WICKET is three stumps with "bails" on top. Batter is out when bails are dislodged.

with hazards besetting him on all sides. However, having apparently stacked the cards hopelessly against him, the cricket rule-makers give him leave to hit the ball to any part of the field he pleases, including behind him or to the sides. There is no foul territory, and misses do not count against him if the wicket remains untouched. Having connected, he doesn't have to run if he doesn't consider it safe to do so; and if he wants to bring the bowler to an early senility he can stand there all day merely blocking the ball from the stumps with the end of the bat. This might draw some "barracking," the British equivalent of the Bird, but it is his privilege to stay in there and spoil good balls and the temper of the bowlers.

In fact the batter does not need to hit the ball at all to make a run. If it glances off his pads, his shins or his noggin and escapes the fielders he may take as many as he can get. Again, he may run if the wicket keeper lets the pitch get away from him, just as our

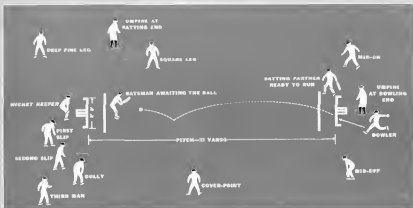
batter may run if the catcher drops the third strike.

He may hit the ball on the fly if the bowler is sacker enough to give him one, even running up the pitch to connect with it. He may take it on the half volley as it comes up off the pitch, the aim of the bowler being to bounce the ball at the batter's feet. Or he may turn with a leg glance and let a fast ball glance off the meat of his flattish bat, which, with the initial speed of the throw, will often take it to the boundary for a Four. And if he really puts the willow to it and catches one squarely so that it goes over any boundary on the fly, he automatically chalks up six runs and has "knocked one for six," a favorite British expression which has crept into the language just as home run has become a part of ours. It doesn't happen very often.

Outside of the fact that both games are played with a ball and bat and "runs" are scored during innings, there is, of course, not the faintest resemblance between cricket and baseball. But there is an important difference even in the batting which in my opinion makes the hitting stars, like Bradman and Hutton, easily the equivalent of the Babe Ruths and DiMaggios in eye and batting judgment. This is the fact that in cricket, the bowler bowls the ball into the turf at the feet of the batsman or just before him, whence it rises or bounces at him, frequently at an unpredictable angle. The ball shoots down from the batter's eye-level, or rather he loses its interrupted line of flight, when it smacks into the pitch. He must then wholly reassess it in the tiny fraction of a second when it shoots up or bounces toward him or his wicket, and in this splinter of time make up his mind whether he will risk a full stroke, let it go, sweep it, glance it off

continued on page 51

THE PLAYING FIELD OF CRICKET



TWO BATSMEN face each other in cricket at opposite ends of 22-yard pitch. At start, fielders take basic positions shown above, both in front and behind batter. As play begins, bowler may shift fielders according to known habits of batter. Mid-on

for instance, can move right in between Cover-point and Square Leg, a place of danger aptly known as Silly Mid-on. When a hit is made, batters may run back and forth along the Pitch until ball is returned. Each time they exchange bases a run is scored.



BOWLER'S OBJECTIVE is to hit wicket. Batsman defends wicket with bat, runs only when he feels he can score. Then he and partner exchange wickets, such exchange counting as one run.



BATSMAN'S HIT goes between Gully (left) and Slip. If fielder can p-p ball into wicket before batsman's partner reaches "crease" (batter's box) from other end of pitch the runner is out.



THIS POP FLY may be caught by Silly Mid-on or bowler himself, though Gully (beyond batsman) may try for it. If caught the batsman is out, as in baseball, and next batter comes up.



A "STRIKE OUT" is scored in cricket when the batsman misses ball and it sends balls on the wicket flying. Ten members of the team must be put out before the teams change sides.

or wait until it has whizzed past him and then—late—cut it through the slips, as those heroes are called who, with no protection, stand directly behind him on either side of the wicket.

Your Brison will start his backswing with the drop of the howler's arm so as to be in motion, but he has much less time to decide what to do with it and how and where he will place his bat. Those bowlers can throw a smoke ball, a pitch with really blinding speed, since they are permitted a run of anything from 10 to 30 yards to aid in giving it impetus before letting it go. But added to this, they put spin on the ball just as do American pitchers.

The purpose of this spin, however, is not primarily to affect the flight of the ball in the air, but something much more deadly to the batter—namely, to bring it up from the pitch at an unexpected angle. The stuff on the ball can make it shoot to the right or left, or dart low and venomously like a snake for the stumps, or rise up suddenly in an unnatural high bounce and brain the batter if he doesn't get his head out of the way.

The problem of the batter is now increased fourfold, for not only must he hit the ball within the brief space of its rise, but on a slanting rise that is sometimes impossible to prejudge. If you figure the ball for one plane and it swerves into another you've missed it. And if it swerves into your stumps, and knocks the bails off, you've had it.

Thus the fellow who can put up a Century (a hundred runs or more) is considerable of an athlete and the tensions that mount within him must be terrific, with almost unbearable concentration required. He cannot relax for a second. This, in its way, is as thrilling to watch as an American batter coming up to hit in a clutch.

Also at the end of each six balls delivered, or Over, the captain changes the bowler, making the batters look at slow or spin stuff after a diet of fireballs, or vice versa.

Deponent somehow escaped being "bowled for a duck" (put out without scoring) and got eight runs off fast bowling in sheer self-defense to keep from being killed. They consisted of a three, swept to square leg, meaning pulled around to my left, a two and three singles, all put up in a desperate attempt to protect my person. The ball hit for three, in particular, was one that threatened to unman me, and in blind terror at this prospect I swatted it away to an unexpected corner of the

field, with a stroke up to that time not yet encountered in British cricket. I refused to give it a name or explain it when I was so informed afterwards and asked how it was accomplished.

I believe I survived two Overs through sheer luck and terror. They then brought on Mr. Ian Peebles, the spin bowler, a smoothie whom I knew personally, he having chaperoned me at the first cricket match I ever saw at Lord's when the Australians were there one year. A big lanky chap, he tossed one up to me that looked like money-for-jam, a softie that curved gently through the air and bounced apparently harmlessly in front of me. I took a gorklimey swipe at it, intending to become the first American ever to knock brother Peebles for six. The hall of course was dripping with stuff and I tipped it straight up in the air. When it came down a reception committee of five was waiting for it and Gallico's cricket career was at an end.

My adventures in the field confirmed my respect for the cricketer as an athlete and a sportsman. Our side took the field first in the morning and the team captain motioned me to this position called Silly Mid-on, indicating I was to crouch about 20 feet or so from the batter and field anything that came my way.

Goodness knows who he thought I was, athletically speaking, but by then it was too late to remind him that I was a creaking and aging gent whose reflexes were no longer what they never had been, that I was wearing bifocal glasses and that the lack of a fielder's mitt and a suit of armor was adding to my unhappiness. My hope was that if anything really fast came through there I would be able to duck—but not too obviously.

A BLESSED RELIEF

When the bowling changed after each Over and the batter at the other end was up, my position shifted to Long On, which is well out in the field. This came as a blessed relief from the immediate risk of decapitation but in the end worked more damage, as I was called upon to chase bats to the boundary and get the ball back to the wicket-keeper. I hadn't really run for years. Three chases, and I pulled a tendon. I had already ruptured a muscle at Silly Mid-on, making a quick start trying to reach a short pop-up. During the interval for lunch, these injuries stiffened up beautifully.

Well, it was only a one-day match and a jolly good morning's and afternoon's sport, but when I tell you that

it was three months before I was again able to walk normally, it will give you an idea. Don't sell cricket short as a game for will-o'-the-wisps. If you've never played the game, be tolerant of those who do. When it was all over, I counted one pulled tendon, one ruptured muscle, three assorted bruises in various tender parts of the anatomy—and I had a firm resolution never to go near the game again.

Most Americans find cricket a crashing yawn and it will probably surprise them and hurt their feelings to learn that cricketers reciprocate and feel the same way about baseball.

Here, for instance, is a lovely paragraph I came across in a book on cricket by Major John Board, a chap who has devoted most of his life to the game and who says, in writing of the necessity for constant throwing and fielding practice on the part of would-be cricketers: "Baseball players in America are constantly practising their throwing until they have made it a real art in direction, distance and speed. Indeed, that is the only part of that singularly dull and dreary pastime that has ever aroused my enthusiasm."

And so we note that chauvinism in sports is not exclusively an American trait, for, how any man who has ever played or become proficient at a ball-and-stick game could fail to be aware of the exquisite balance between speed of men and speed of thrown and batted ball and the mounting tensions and excitement of baseball, is beyond me.

As for cricket's interval for tea, I am afraid the American influence is about to take the joke out of that. Our British cousin, retiring beneath the grandstand, is as likely now to ask for a sausage roll and a Coke as he is to demand his Oolong. And brother, that AIN'T cricket! **END**



BERRY MID-ON at Village pub is happy final position for most cricket matches.

**IF YOU SUFFER
PAIN of HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS**

get **FAST
RELIEF** with



the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend. **HERE'S WHY...** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin[®] today!

**INGROWN NAIL
Hurting You?
Immediate
Relief!**



A dry, dry, dry... **ULCIBID** (100% pure) dissolves under the offending part of the nail, and **ULCIBID** dissolves the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and then grows back again and doesn't hurt. **ULCIBID** is available at all drug stores.

**Richer, Creamier,
AERO SHAVE
Saves 20¢ a Can!**

"CANNED-LATHER"
READY TO USE!



**JUST PUSH VALVE...
OUT COMES LATHER!**

- Richer, Creamier Lather
- No Brush Needed
- No Greasy Cream
- 3 Beard Softeners
- Contains Soothing Lotion

Net Wt. 4.5 oz. Only **59¢**

AERO SHAVE Lather Bomb

Also economical King Size—12 oz. only 98¢

dogs

Reproductions on heavy paper of the dog champions and chart in this issue will make a beautiful addition to your own game room walls or those of dog-loving friends.

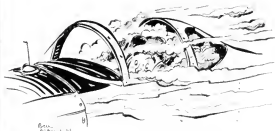
Just send 25¢ and your name and address to Dog's M. Sports Illustrated, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

PLANE WITH A BRAIN

Greater love hath no man than St.'s Sunday pilot for his Ercope.

And, it would seem, with reason: like his old plow mare, it thinks

by **BILL MAULDIN**



"I had just set off at about the end of the runway, and all of a sudden the cockpit was full of water. . . . It had to be the drink."

A WHILE BACK in these pages I wrote glowingly of my new Ercope. I extolled it in print as being an extraordinarily safe airplane for amateurs to fly. Actually, I didn't know the half of it. That little job has qualities of cautious dependability which set it apart not only from ordinary aircraft, but probably even from other Ercopees. In short, my plane has a brain.

As a kid I used to ride haremback on an old plow mare named Duchess. I didn't even put a bridle on her. You steered her by leaning, just as the Ercope flies without rudder controls. Duchess would take me anywhere—if she was satisfied that conditions were right. She wouldn't enter gullies when cloudbursts threatened; she could detect rotten planks in bridges; when dark began to descend upon the New Mexico mountains while I had her out on expeditions, the ancient mare headed for home whether I liked it or not.

Like Duchess, my Ercope is a faithful old clunker as far as motive power is concerned. It never fails to run, but it can do the most terrifying things—and always with a purpose. Of course, I didn't believe it the first time.

Shortly after buying the ship, I offered to fly a neighbor to Cape Cod, Mass., where he wanted to join his

vacationing wife. The day was bright and warm and we flew with the canopy open, sport-car style, the engine banging and grinding in perfect rhythm all the way. I dropped my passenger, called the weather bureau, gassed up, checked the oil—and half way home the engine suddenly changed its tune. It didn't falter, exactly, but it got alarmingly rough, and when *that* engine is rough, it means your sunglasses bounce on your nose. It wasn't ear-rattling, it wasn't the fuel mixture and it ran as badly on one magneto as the other. I landed at Newport, R.I.

A FOG ROLLED IN

A couple of obliging mechanics dropped everything to help a transient who was obviously in a hurry, but could find nothing the matter. After about an hour of concentrated labor, the Ercope ran fine, and I actually got into the cockpit and started to taxi out for a take-off before I noticed that you could no longer see the end of the runway. A great, billowing fog had rolled quietly in from Long Island Sound, defying the forecasters, and had blanketed the entire route home.

I took a bus to Providence, thence home by slow train, arriving in the small hours.

I spent the next day catching up on my work and reflecting bitterly on the air age which had saved my friend eight hours and cost me 18, and then, as I began figuring ways and means of getting back to Rhode Island to pick up my ship, Hurricane Hazel struck. She blew the tail right off the plane tied down next to the vacant spot on my home field where the Ercoupe usually sits. Newport wasn't touched by this particular storm.

The little Ercoupe clattered along fine for a week or so, and then I had a high-frequency radio installed—an extravagance I'd planned when I bought the plane. Finding that this new equipment drove the magnetic compass crazy, I flew to Bridgeport, Conn., where they have a thing called a "compass rose," with a turntable designed for shifting planes in all directions while the deviation is corrected. Departing from Bridgeport after a couple of hours, I had 200 feet of altitude at the end of the runway and all of a sudden the cockpit was full of smoke.

Fire in the air is almost unheard of in light planes these days, but just the same I suspect that most pilots have as deep a subconscious horror of it as I do. Wishing I had three hands, I grabbed for ignition, gas valve and master switch. There's nothing beyond the end of that runway but deep, cold, gray salt water, and I was seized with a panicky urge to tip around and head back for the field. This has sometimes been tried with a dead engine from 200 feet, but it's never been tried twice by the same guy, according to the statistics. I read lots of statistics. It had to be the drink.

All this mental struggling went on in a remarkably short time—I hadn't even cut any switches yet—and even as I began turning the gas valve the smoke stopped as quickly as it had started. Gee, I thought, maybe it's only smoldering now; I'll keep power on long enough for a 180° turn. I hadn't turned off the master switch, either, and was still tuned to the tower, so I quavered into the mike:

"Thizixth Ercoupe that just left gotta smoking engine can I come back please gulp."

"Cleared to land, any runway," the man in the tower barked right back. "I'll call out the equipment," he added enthusiastically.

One fire truck did come out and run along abreast of me during the end of the landing roll. When I switched everything off, dove out of the plane and yanked open the cowl, a bevy of firemen stood ready to squirt and foam.

Nothing. Not a wisp of smoke, nothing unduly hot, not even a smell.

I called the home field and an Old Pilot flew up to get me. He couldn't find anything wrong with the Ercoupe either, but agreed it would be wise to leave it, pending a further look-see.

(In this case, it turned out that a big blob of solder had been spilled on the exhaust manifold during some ignition work and had heated to the smoking point during my take-off. But that's not the point I'm getting at.)

"Shame to put you out like this," I said as we flew back in the Old Pilot's plane, "but at least I picked a nice day for it. Beautiful flying weather."

"You kiddin'?" he said. "Wait'll we get near home. Wind shifted all of a sudden and there's the damndest greasy black smog you ever saw coming in from Jersey and laying over the field." When I saw the smog I knew I sure wouldn't have made it back, and finally I realized the truth about my airplane. If it hadn't been the solder it would've been something else. That intelligent, conservative, weather-wise old Ercoupe, when seeking a safe night's berth, will always pick a comfortable spot like Newport or Bridgeport and squat there, and the devil with the pilot, who'd most likely end up settling for a lumpy pasture in a moment of stress.

I'd been thinking of naming the machine "Bottlefly" or some such frivolous thing. I guess it'll have to be "Duchess." (END)

SECOND GENERATION



Johnny Weissmuller, who dominated U.S. freestyle swimming in the 1920s and three times won Olympic titles, now occasionally loses a dash across his Los Angeles pool to Johnny Jr., who, at 14, is 6 foot 1 and has adopted the distinctive style which made his father famous, even before he became TARIAN.

ski
Stowe
VERMONT

New Double CHAIR LIFT

Triplex Stowe's Chair Lift Facilities

Biggest NEW ski installation in North America. Smooth, thrilling trails, broad slopes. A whole new mountain development at popular STOWE. Single & Double Chair Lifts, T-Bar, Rope Tows, world renowned Sepp Kusch Ski School. Reserve early with your favorite ski lodge or contact...

STOWE-MANSFIELD ASSOCIATION
Tel. Stowe, VERMONT 4-2652

Brilliant performer!

The De Luxe ARNOLT-BRISTOL 2-Litre Sports Car

It pulls—around corners—on the straightaway—in traffic—wherever you go—the fast acceleration and superb cornering and braking qualities of this powerful American-designed sports car with British engine and chassis and Italian body will constantly amaze and delight you! A car that is safe and "forgiving" of human driving errors. Test-drive it today!

See it now at:

CHICAGO: 133 East Ohio Street
DETROIT: 13201 Kautzel
NEW YORK CITY: 323 Park Avenue
OYSTER BAY, Long Island, N. Y.
Beverly Hills: 9420 Wilshire Blvd.
LOS ANGELES: 9420 Wilshire Blvd.
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA: Fourth and Main

For illustrated brochures A-2 write

S. H. ARNOLT, INC.
415 EAST ERIE STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILL.
Telephone: Michigan 2-5476

A MATTER OF SIZE

Life is a problem when you're as tall as Wade Halbrook

by GERALD ASTOR



"SPLENDID SPIRE" Injures for a high one. Despite his size, he is quick and limber on court.

SOMEWHERE in his relatively short life 22-year-old Wade Halbrook of Oregon State College picked up the nickname "Swede." The sobriquet befits him ill—his ancestry is German and Dutch—but still it figures that Wade would be tagged with a moniker. For Halbrook, a resident of Portland, is an individual doomed always to stick out of the crowd like a Douglas fir in a forest of lesser evergreens.

Part of Swede's trouble is that he is 7 feet 3 inches tall. Naturally he tends to protrude among people. Outside of placing electric light bulbs in ceiling fixtures without benefit of a ladder about the only thing 7 feet 3 inches of body is good for is playing basketball. Dr. Naismith did not have Swede in mind when he invented the game, but basketball as much as anything has saved Swede from becoming a misfit.

CATASTROPHE IN INCHES

As a youngster, the gaunt boy, whose shirt sleeves ended somewhere on his forearms and whose trousers never quite got to his ankles, figured to be the butt for the natural cruelty of children. When he entered Lincoln High School he was so uncomfortable that he considered transferring to an all-boys' school. Then he got his first opportunity to turn jeers into cheers. "He had nothing to tie him to the school at the time," says Coach Jimmy Partlow of Lincoln. "Ultimately basketball gave him the tie."

Partlow recognized both the star material and the behavior problem in the moody young giant. Besides teaching Wade how to play basketball he spent a good deal of his time trying to insulate Halbrook's emotions from the riding he took from the wildly partisan high school crowds. Swede did learn to play basketball, and he was pretty good at it. He led Lincoln to the state championship and established a new set of Oregon schoolboy records. During the finals of the 1952 state championship tournament the spectators, who had been riding Swede throughout the tournament, stood up when he left the game and gave him an ear-shattering ovation that lasted for several minutes. Genuinely touched, Swede remarked, "It gave me a sort of feeling that maybe it was worth it all."

Halbrook had found the academic going at Lincoln fairly rugged. Still he became

the most sought-after high school graduate in the Pacific Northwest—75 colleges bid for his services. But Amory T. (Slats) Gill, Oregon State College basketball coach, generally gets his pick of athletes within the state, and he got Swede, although some of the more vigorous basketball factories made better offers to Swede than OSC.

When Swede arrived at the large OSC campus he was slightly appalled at the size of his new venture and even made vague plans to decamp and enlist at another school. He never quite decided, however, and hung on at OSC. He broke in with the OSC varsity in 1953 playing against Indiana and its great center, 6-foot 10-inch Don Schlundt. Swede scored a highly creditable 44 points to Schlundt's 53 in the two-game series, and snared 17 rebounds to his opponent's 19. By the end of the season he had scored 614 points, breaking the old OSC mark by 121. Under Gill he became a genuine star, hooking well with both hands, using an effective jump shot and learning to pace himself. Oregon sportswriters were stimulated to dub Swede with dubious titles like the "Splendid Spire" and "Tower of Lincoln."

But Swede could not shake his personal problems. Recently a faculty member remarked, "None of us could ever recall having seen Wade smile . . . whether it was on the floor, on the campus, in the coffee shop or downtown. Life seems to be a pretty grim business with him."

A student friend of Halbrook's described walking around the campus with Swede: "Almost everyone he meets says hello, and he doesn't know one in a hundred. This upsets him and makes him feel conspicuous."

Halbrook made a desperate attempt to become just one of the boys. He tasted the heady wine of nighttime roistering and began cutting classes. As a result he flunked a number of credits during the 1954 spring term and to make up for the deficiencies he buckled down in the fall.

IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN

The OSC team, strong with players like Tony Vlastelica, Bill Toole and another 7-footer, Phil Shadoin, played mediocre ball this season. When Halbrook returned from his scholastic labors after the first of the year, the OSC squad reeled off four straight victories and began looking like a strong contender for national honors.

Then Halbrook took to his evening wanderings and classroom absences again. Slats Gill, who has a reputation as a sort of Father Flanagan when it comes to straightening out athletic and academic risks, sat down for a two-and-one-half hour chat with Wade. The Splendid Spire offered no remorse, showed no sign of a desire to reform. Gill suspended him from the team. "It's not fair for the school and it's not

fair for the fellows on the squad who are doing the right thinking," he said. Then in an uncoached burst of bitterness, Gill fired a few rounds at the ethics of college athletic programs. "It isn't fair for a school to hang onto a boy—any boy—and give him nothing in return but a chance to play basketball. If he doesn't get any more out of college than that, he's going to wind up passing out towels in a locker room, and probably not doing too good a job of it. But Lord," Gill ended, reverting to his character as coach, "could we use him?"

Immediately after news of Halbrook's suspension broke, Buchanan's Bakers, a Seattle firm, contacted Swede and offered him an opportunity to play basketball as an employee of theirs. Swede was supposed to receive about \$100 a week as a truck driver. Buchanan's made plane reservations to Seattle for Swede but he never showed up. Instead he met with Coach Gill, confessed he had a "big shot attitude" and was reinstated.

A TERRIFIC DEMONSTRATION

Gill, however, did not allow Halbrook to suit up for the next game against the University of Oregon. The following night, in a return game at Corvallis, Gill had Halbrook ready on the bench. When he rose on the sidelines to limber up, the largest crowd in the history of Gill Coliseum (11,500) put on a terrific demonstration. Swede played poorly but OSC won in overtime 56-54.

Gill admires regard his take-it-slow attitude with the reinstated Halbrook as proof that Slat's intends to make Halbrook face his responsibilities, even if it hurts the team's record. Cynics note that Halbrook was rusty after his layoff and furthermore believe Gill never really intended to let his star go. Said one rival coach, "All I can say is, he [Halbrook] went to a helluva lot of classes between Friday night and Saturday night."

Currently Swede is back as the starting center—OSC has just about clinched its division title now—and is attending classes regularly. Whether he will find the job of squeezing himself down to "normality" too much and goof again is anybody's guess and Slat's Gill's nightmare. But as one OSC faculty member put it, "Halbrook's bread and butter is making use of the fact he's that tall. That's his problem too. The question simply is whether there is something there in Halbrook. Apparently Slat's thinks so—and he's a pretty good judge." (CNO)

MOTOR SPORTS

HOW'S YOUR RT?

A Greyhound bus test gives answer—and more

by JOHN BENTLEY



BENTLEY IN BUS

YOU'RE a very good driver, of course; practically every driver thinks he is. But—how's your Reaction Time? Whether you run a family sedan as transportation or a sports car for fun, your RT is the biggest single factor influencing highway accident statistics. RT is the time lapse between your awareness of a sudden emergency—a veering stray dog or an exuberant tot in headlong flight across a busy street—and your physical response (braking, steering) to this situation. At 30 mph your car covers 44 feet per second; one-tenth of a second variation in RT can mean the difference between a near thing and tragedy. Just one-tenth of a second!

Statistics show that Grand Prix race drivers (such as Stirling Moss) have an RT of .39 to .40 of a second. Sports car drivers average half a second, trained Greyhound bus drivers .75 second and Joe Blow in his family car runs around 1.5 seconds. Mr. Blow is thus twice as slow as the bus driver and three times slower than an experienced sports car driver in reacting to an emergency.

A SALUTARY JOLT

Whether you drive a sports Jaguar or a De Luxe Supermatic Eight, a scientific check on your RT and general aptitude might give you a salutary jolt. It gave me one—and I have driven in 100 sports car races during the past eight years. I agreed to be put through the wringer at the Greyhound bus company's training school in Cleveland, Ohio. Other civilian organizations (the AAA and certain insurance firms) offer such test facilities, but none is as thorough as Greyhound, which can claim much of the credit for buses showing the lowest fatal accident rate of any motorized conveyance in the U.S.—only .13 fatalities for each 100,000,000 passenger miles covered, compared with .16 in trains and 2.9 in passenger autos or cabs.

The conditions governing the Greyhound Drivers' School Test were defined beforehand by Safety Director Roy Alexander and Safety Instructor Roy Harpeter. No fakes or favors; noth-

ing glossed over for the sake of a story.

In the Greyhound schoolroom on Carnegie Street, 20 desk-chairs faced a sectioned diesel engine (95% of Greyhound buses are now powered by supercharged diesels), a blackboard and an easel with a sheaf of technical charts. Around the walls were exhibits acquainting drivers with the mechanism of the buses: brake layout, supercharger, ignition unit, heat control system, clutch assembly, variable pitch cooling fan. There were also various bent and broken items reminding that neglect and abuse cost money.

The tests began with Reaction Time. For this a contraption is used which consists of two parallel bobweights suspended on strings and held at an angle by cotter pins. The instructor's bobweight is connected to a lever on which is mounted a bull's-eye card. You watch the card—not the instructor. When he releases the cotter pin by pushing on a key, the card moves as the bobweight swings free. The instant the card moves, you release your own cotter pin. The time taken for the two bobweights to swing in unison is the factor used in calculating your RT. You get seven tries and nine swings of your bobweight will pass you. My average score was four swings. That was reassuring.

Next comes the peripheral vision machine, to determine the efficiency of your side vision. This is a semicircular box with a nose pad at eye level. Two levers at the sides are swung horizontally toward the center by the instructor. The moment you see him moving either, or both, you holler, giving details. Result of two tries: left eye, 108 and 107; right eye, 105 and 103. Total score, 423. Passing figure, 390. That made me feel fine.

Now for the depth perception machine—a lighted box with an oblong front opening through which you can see two vertical pegs, free to slide in parallel grooves scaled in millimeters and controlled by strings. You sit 20 feet away with a string in each hand. Then the instructor moves the pegs

continued on next page

hack and forth a few times to confuse you. It's your job to bring the two pegs in line. This is a tough one, with deceptive lights and shadows. It flunks 27% of applicants. Four tries are permitted and an average error of 20 millimeters is the passing mark. My best effort was a five-millimeter error and my average 19—which was okay.

Finally, I was put through the definitive RT test in a real Greyhound bus, 35 feet long, eight feet wide, weighing 14 tons and powered by a 180 hp, rear-mounted, six-cylinder diesel. I had never before driven any bus, let alone such a mammoth. After a few miles on Route 42, Instructor Harpster handed over the wheel to me. "It's all yours. If you make out, you can take the defensive driving brake test, but we don't usually let drivers do this until they've had a month to get used to handling the bus."

A BANG AND A BLOB

After 10 miles of dodging road repair squeezes and other traffic hazards, Harpster nodded: "Okay. You'll do. Stop while I fix the brake detonator." He clamped a box containing two cartridges to the front of the bus. A long string that came in through the driver's window was fixed to the firing pin of one. "Now," said the instructor, "I'll sit behind you and hold the string. When I pull it you'll hear a bang. That bang will drop a blob of yellow paint on the road. The instant you hear it, tromp hard on the brake. You'll hear another bang as the second cartridge goes off and drops another blob of paint. The distance between the two blobs converted into seconds at any given speed will be your RT. I won't tell you when I'm going to yank the string—so watch out!"

On my first try the two blobs were 45 feet 5 inches apart, traveling at 35 mph. The second time, at the same speed, the gap was 43 feet, 2 inches, giving an RT of .84 second. "We'll hire you," grinned Harpster. "I could get your RT down to between half and three-quarters of a second and make a bus driver out of you in four days."

A sports car racer ought to be at least that good—maybe better. On the other hand, qualifying at Greyhound is no small accomplishment. Achieving the driving finesse of a Greyhound bus operator may not be one of your ambitions, but polishing up your RT is more important than doing the chrome-work. Why not try it some day soon? It can save your life. (END)

COLUMN OF THE WEEK

The Hartford Courant

Columnist Bill Lee pays sincere tribute to Dinny McMahon of Connecticut, an honest boxing man



BILL LEE

DINNY MCMAHON, the one boxing commissioner in the U.S.A. for whom two governors went to bat within a period of two months, is now in an almost impregnable position from which he can be hurt only by friends.

A month or so before leaving office, Governor Lodge called McMahon into his office to keep a promise he had made two years before to allow Dinny to remain as chief inspector of the State Athletic Commission for an additional two years beyond retirement age.

This week Governor Ribicoff designated McMahon to be State Athletic Commissioner for the next four years.

McMahon's nomination pleased the boxing people of Connecticut, the promoters, matchmakers, boxers, managers and handlers. No state in the country has a more experienced or better-informed commissioner. Dinny has a deep understanding of the devious methods of the fight mob.

The first time I ever saw Dinny McMahon was in the summer of 1921 at a little outdoor boxing arena in Bridgeport. He was working in the corner of a chunky Jewish fighter named Kid Kaplan of Meriden against a tough body belter introduced as Lieutenant Earl Baird of the Army. My seat in the press row was close to Kaplan's corner and I heard everything McMahon, the Irish trainer, said to Kaplan, the Jewish fighter. I remember how I had been struck by the obvious fondness of the older man for the fighter he was handling. It was almost as though Louie Kaplan were Dinny McMahon's son.

It's been that way between Kaplan and McMahon ever since. They won a world championship together and the relationship never wavered. They had to cut in a New York manager in order to make progress and they had to fight underworld mobs before they won, but they got there, won the championship and parted with it without doing anything that reflected the slightest discredit on either man or the business they were in.

Everyone by this time has heard the story of how Kaplan, after a brief ten-

ure, no longer could make 126 pounds. McMahon was propositioned to "sell" the title to a certain featherweight. There would be \$50,000 in it for Louie and Dinny, and remember that 50 grand at that time of a far lesser tax bite must have been something like \$100,000 would be today. McMahon and Kaplan turned the bribe down, marched to the New York Boxing Commission and laid the featherweight championship of the world on the table.

"You made it possible for us to win this title and now we can't make the weight any more, so we're turning it back to you," McMahon told the commission.

The payoff has been a long time coming but it's so fine and clean and wonderful that McMahon's picture should be hung in every boxing office in the country. Dinny hasn't minded waiting. (END)

HORSES

DOWN SOUTH

There's news from New Orleans

by ALBION HUGHES

NEW ORLEANS

THE old Fair Grounds here, which has survived carpetbaggers, four wars, reformers and several changes in ownership since its start in 1872, is having a bang-up season. One of the three oldest tracks in the country, it was, at the turn of the century, the very heart of winter racing. And it still is for thousands of people in the South and Middle West.

Of course, compared to Santa Anita and Hialeah everything is in miniature. Everything, that is, except the track itself. Purse are smaller. There is only one \$50,000 stake race, the New Orleans Cap. Attendance is smaller, too—six to eight thousand is the daily average. And the handle is far below the other winter tracks. Neverthe-

less, for a huge segment of the public, winter racing still means New Orleans, just as it has since 1837 when the old Eclipse Course opened right above the city with the world's first scientifically blended dirt track.

The biggest attraction at the Fair Grounds this season is 18-year-old Ray Broussard, the apprentice, who is the leading rider in the country thus far in 1955. Broussard comes from Louisiana Cajun country where he started riding quarter horses at the small age of 11. He's tall for a jockey, with enormous hands and feet, and keeping his weight down is already a major problem. The Cajun kid rides in a manner reminiscent of Conn McCreary, guaranteed to give you heart failure if you've bet on him, for he moves slowly and comes from far back off the pace to end in a powerful stretch rush. He's had 51 winners since the first of the year, but was set down for 10 days for rough riding last week, which may hurt his chances.

The best three-year-old on the grounds—and one which is pointed for the Louisiana Derby—is Roman Patrol, Pin Oaks Farm's very fast colt which won four out of five starts last year, including the Remsen at Jamaica. The bay colt has filled out, grown taller and looks good to me. Trainer "Slim" Pierce, foreman for Jim Fitzsimmons for 18 years, told me he is moving slowly with him, but he is about ready now. Also on the grounds is Simmy, which ran second to Summer Tan in the Garden State. He got nothing the day I saw him run there and looked as if he were at the end of a hard campaign rather than making his first start of the winter season.

CHIP OFF OLD WHIRLAWAY

But by far the most interesting horse around is the Calumet-bred Spar On, the seven-year-old son of Whirlaway from Still Blue, a daughter of Blue Larkspur. Owned by Marvin E. Alf, the oil man, and trained by Mitchell Silagy, Spar On is as goofy as his papa, mighty Whirlaway, which was as erratic an animal as you'd find working for a living. Spar On won't even breeze while other horses are on the track. This means they have to wake him up and get him out by 5:30 a.m. or even before. He's so finicky that he's been known to go on a two-day hunger strike if even his groom watches him while he eats. But last year he won the Michigan Mile, beating Social Outcast and, barring some unexpected Brookmeade or Hasty House Farm's brookmeade from Florida, he's my pick for the New Orleans Cup. (KND)

TENNIS

LIVELY JUNIORS

In the Davis Cup aftermath, they did fine

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT



MIKE GREEN

THE first of the year's major tennis championships, the Australian national, has gone into the books and Americans can find both concern and comfort in the results.

The concern stems from the failure of Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert to reassert the mastery over the Australians which they exhibited in the Davis Cup Challenge Round a month before. The comfort comes from the splendid showing of our two teen-agers, Jerry Moss and Mike Green, who showed up Australia's highly touted juniors in their own backyard.

After we had won back the Davis Cup from the Australians at Sydney in December, the general reaction was: "Okay, so you've won the cup. Now what are you going to do to keep it?"

Moss and Green provided the answer to this one when they battled their way to an all-American final in the junior singles championship at Adelaide, Moss finally winning in a hard match, and then teamed to take the doubles for a clean sweep.

Thus we have begun to reap swift dividends from the Jack Kramer junior development program. Moss and Green are both "Kramer Kids," 18 and 17 years old, respectively. They both

played well throughout their three months' stay in Australia, showed remarkable improvement and then came through in the final big test.

Obviously they aren't going to step in this year, or even next year, to help defend the cup, but they have shown their mettle and should be on their way.

Young Green beat Australia's No. 2 junior, Roy Emerson, at Melbourne and again at Adelaide. He also whipped England's highly rated John Barrett and took the measure of Australian Davis Cupper Rex Hartwig in an exhibition at Perth. Moss had a decision over Emerson too, but his advance to the Australian junior singles final was helped by a forfeit from Ashley Cooper, the Aussies' top junior, who sprained a ligament in his leg. In the junior finals, however, Moss beat Green 10-8, 6-2, to help balance the books. Green had taken him twice previously to win the No. 4 spot on the U.S. Davis Cup team.

Both boys have promise. Green has sound strokes and plenty of power for his age, but he must learn to move around faster. Moss, not much bigger than the handle of a man's racket, must put on weight and must

continued on next page





VIKING 19

boating's finest value

ALL MAHOGANY PLANED • SALT WATER SCREW FASTENED

Century's Viking 19 (winner of the rough water 'Round Miami Beach Race and Gold Coast Marathon) is a husky, all Philippine mahogany planked, salt-water screw fastened, lapstrake utility boat. Outstanding features include: Oil encased Hydra-Power steering at two complete command stations, extraordinary cruising range, extra roominess, unequalled speed, stability, and seaworthiness. The base price includes many conveniences charged for as "extras" on other boats. That's why Viking is boating's best value.

CENTURY BOAT COMPANY, Box 350, MANISTEE, MICHIGAN

For hunting,
fishing or boating



Put Much More Fun in
Your Favorite Sport

Sportsmen everywhere rely on READY-RIG . . . the boat trailer that gets you in and from your favorite hunting, fishing or boating water in record time. Famous Liggett "Karo-Flex" Springs provide complete safety and security for your boat under all road conditions. READY-RIG . . . easy on your boat, easy on your budget. Available in kit form and assembled models. There's a READY-RIG for every size boat.

ROOF-RAISER

I thought I was the sportsman in the family, but if I don't bring home my copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED before the weekend, my wife, Teddy, raises the roof.

London Wesley, New York



TENNIS continued from page 57

strengthen his service before he can be a strong international factor. He has a weak service but he should be able to learn from Australia's little Ken Rosewall, who makes up for his lack of an explosive service with depth and smart placement.

Rosewall, incidentally, established himself as the player to be reckoned with for the year's individual honors on the strength of his masterful sweep to the Australian men's championship. Can he win at Wimbledon and Forest Hills? That remains to be seen. But on his most recent showing—his straight-set victories over Trabert and Lewis Hoad in the Australian semifinals and finals—he looks like the "strong man" bet of the year.

A YEAR OF MUSICAL CHAIRS?

If there was one way I could describe the 1954 season it would be that its only consistency was in inconsistency. There was no one dominant figure, no player able to win more than one single major championship. The year 1955 may be the same. Rosewall, Hoad, Seixas and Trabert might well spend it playing a tennis version of musical chairs or "Who's got the button?" This could go down as the era of tennis mediocrity.

Now the Australian campaign is over. Before closing the chapters on it I would like to put in a few words about my erstwhile opponent, Harry Hopman, the Australian captain.

As soon as we had won the Davis Cup, the so-called "Hopman Hunt" began. There were many after the sandy-haired captain's scalp. I think he was pilloried undeservedly for Australia's Davis Cup defeat. Personally, I think he should be returned as captain, if he wants the job.

Hopman hung up a very fine record. He helped win back the trophy from the United States in 1939 and 1950 and he helped defend it successfully three years before finally suffering a defeat. He is ideally suited for the job. Tennis is his life and, as a writer, he is in a position to act as captain and team manager without interference with his work. Besides, Australia has not developed anybody else with Hopman's background and availability to fill the vacancy.

When Australia challenges for the cup this year I think we can expect to see "The Fox"—as they call him—on the sidelines again, and whoever is captain of our side will find it won't be easy to "outfox the fox." (END)

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Gunnar Nielsen**, long-striding Danish greaser, unleashed terrific last lap kick, swept past Wes Santee and Fred Dwyer, cracked Santee's week-old world indoor mile record by 2.10 seconds with 4:03.6 clocking in Millrose Games' Wanamaker Mile in New York. ● **Santee** was timed in 3:48.3 for 1,500 meters in same race, topped Glenn Cunningham's 17-year-old world mark of 3:45.4. ● **Don McDermott** of Englewood Cliffs, N.J. flashed 300 meters in 0:32.8; **Chuck Burke**, Chicago steamfitter, sped 10,000 meters in 18:41.3 for new U.S.

records, won places on U.S. Olympic speed skating team in trials at St. Paul, Minn. ● **Dick Fadden** of North Carolina State covered distance in 2:26.5, established new U.S. mark for 200-yard breaststroke, joined State's 400-yard medley relay team in 3:56.3 record-breaking race at Raleigh, N.C. ● **Iowa State's Jim Ballrau**, **Pete Janas**, **Sandy Stewart**, **Jim McKivett** won 400-yard freestyle relay in 3:24.7, set new U.S. and national collegiate standards for 20-yard course at Ames, Iowa. Old records: 3:26.4 (U.S.); 1:26.9 (college).

BASKETBALL

Georgia Tech pulled another major upset, beat Kentucky 43-39 for second time in month, dropped losers to No. 2 in AP poll. Tech's iron men outlasted bigger Wildcats off boards, led all way. **Little Joe Helms** (24 points) and **Bobby Kimmel** starred for Engineers, whose Coach John (Whack) Hyde exulted: "It's the greatest thing since Jesus." ● **Kentucky** bounced back to beat Florida 87-61, Missi-appi 84-66, tied Tech headed to Alabama 76-72.

San Francisco applied second-half pressure, whipped Loyola of Los Angeles 65-35, used reserves freely to trounce St. Mary's 69-48, jumped to No. 1 in nation.

Utah got-off three easy wins, trounced Los Angeles State 77-38, 81-49, Montana State 87-69, retained No. 3 ranking.

Oregon State maintained unbeaten record in Northern Division of Pacific Coast Conference, edged Idaho 39-32, 69-63.

UCLA rolled over California 83-64, 84-64, set stage for important Southern Division series with Stanford this weekend.

La Salle took pair from Georgetown 85-58, 74-66. **Tom Gola** scored 34 points (12 of 17 from field) in first game; **Frank Blachier** tallied 20 in second.

Duquesne, on move again, turned back Niagara 65-48, Westminster 70-36, Bowling Green 64-54. **Si Green** got 38 points in three games; had help from **Dick Rickets**.

North Carolina State came from behind in last six minutes, edged Virginia 99-91, then thrashed Clemson 119-83.

George Washington polished off Duke 92-73, overcame high-scoring Furman 76-71. **Cosky Devlin** and **Joe Petcovich** were Colonial stars.

Marquette rallied in second half, won over Drake 64-50, stretched winning streak to 16, longest in country.

Iowa defeated Purdue 76-67, moved into tie with idle Minnesota for Big Ten lead.

TCU battered Texas A&M 92-62, set four foul-shooting records, beat Baylor 77-73 on **Dick Neal's** basket, strengthened hold on first place in Southwest Conference.

Syracuse Nationals beat N.Y. Knickerbockers 77-73 after three straight losses, grabbed full game lead over Boston Celtics, who bowed to last-place Philadelphia Warriors 113-109 in Eastern Division of NBA.

Fl. Wayne Pistons lost to Knicks, Rochester Royals, roared back to take three in row from Syracuse, Philadelphia, Rochester, remained five games in front of Minneapolis Lakers in Western Division.

TRACK AND FIELD

Gunnar Nielsen's record-smashing 4:03.6 victory in Wanamaker Mile highlighted Millrose Games in New York, set pace for

other outstanding performances. Norway's front-runner **Andun Beyer** ran away from Villanova's **Ron Delany** in half-mile, set meet record of 1:58; **Mal Whitfield** held off Lou Jones, won by inches in 600-yard run in 1:10.8; **Rod Richard** upset Art Bragg in 60-yard sprint in 0:05.2, veteran **Harold Dillah** won 60-yard high hurdles, equaled own meet record of 0:07.1, **Horace Ashenfelter** outran rivals in 9:04 two-mile, the **Rev. Bob Richards** maintained superiority in pole vault with 15-foot, 2-inch leap; **Patty O'Brien** put shot 76 feet, 7 inches; **Herman Wyatt**, **John Hall**, **Charles Holding**, **Laverne Smith** of Arnold Farms, **Phil Beavis** of Villanova finished in five-way high jump tie at 6 feet, 7½ inches.

Marjorie Laney of New York hurled discus 121 feet, 2 inches; **Amelia Wershoven** of New York tossed javelin 138 feet, 10 inches, established indoor records, led qualifiers for U.S. women's team in Pan-American games in National AAU senior meet at Chicago.

BOXING

Kid Gavilan, mambo-dancing ex-welterweight king, made little use of right hand, relied upon left hooks and jabs, showed brief flashes of former skill, won 10-round split decision over hard-hitting but slow-thinking **Enle Durando** in New York.

Seraphin Forrer, unbeaten young French lightweight champion, shot right to clinch, forced former world titleholder **Paddy DeMarco**, who got up from canvas at five, was counted out while clutching ropes in fifth round at Paris.

Keeny Tolan, scrappy Los Angeles brawler who overcame addiction to dope, buried assortment of punches at top speed, stopped **Johnny Ortega** in 10th round of 12-round billed for "American flyweight championship" at Hollywood, Calif.

Boke Olson, scheduled to defend middleweight title against tough-guy **Joey Glaze**.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Victors of the Associated Press writers' poll. Team standings (top rank with points) figured on a 100-0 scale.)

	Points
1-San Francisco (88)	1,387
2-Kentucky (152)	867
3-La Salle (32)	638
4-Duquesne	634
5-Utah (15)	559
6-George Washington (9)	528
7-North Carolina State	485
8-UCLA (12)	350
9-Marquette (6)	333
10-Illinois	308

By NABO: 10-11, Maryland 157, 12, Minnesota 114; 13, Alabama 131; 13, 14, Missouri 102, 15, Iowa 110.

delle in Chicago March 23, changed mind, refused to meet challenger until latter is cleared of assault charges pending in Philadelphia.

HORSE RACING

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Social Outcast, 13-20 favorite to win \$69,200 Mclennan Handicap at Hialeah Park, Fla., got fierce stretch battle from long-shot **Artemis**, barely squeaked home in photo-finish in prep for \$100,000 Widener Handicap.

Blue Butterfly, Irish-bred mare, swept into lead as turn, fought off **Mix Clementine**, captured \$56,500 Santa Margarita Handicap, won 88½ and mare championship of Santa Anita, Calif. meeting.

Boston Duce, **Pan Adelfino's** unbeaten colt, responded to urging of jockey **Erie Garcia**, came from behind with brilliant burst of speed, charged to eighth straight victory in seven-furlong \$29,500 Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah Park.

GOLF

Gene Lather, smooth-stroking young pro, broke three-way deadlock on final round, finished with 275, took Phoenix Open by stroke over **Johnny Palmer** and **Billy Maxwell**, pocketed \$2,400.

SAILING

Host Man, little 39-foot yawl skipped by **Lockwood Piele**, finished fifth but took second straight 184-mile Miami-to-Nassau race on corrected time. **Valiant**, 35-year-old yawl, started from scratch, was first to cross finish line.

Carleton Mitchell's Finisierre, second to **Host Man** in big event, braved high winds, heavy seas, won 30-mile Nassau Cup race two days later in 5:23 corrected time.

SKIING

Darimont piled up 579.8 points, captured own winter carnival at Hannover, N.H. **Slik Chiharu** (Chuk) Igaya led Indians with victories in slalom, Alpine combined.

Rudy Maki of Espenme, Mich., leaped 370 and 258 feet through swirling snow, edged Chicago's **Art Toke** by 1.3 points, won national jumping title at Leavenworth, Wash.

ICE SKATING

Johnny Wecker, **Gene Sandvig**, **Pat McNamara** of Minnesota, **Ken Henry** of Chicago, **Art Longo** of Fitchburg, Mass., **Bill Carow** of Madison, Wis., joined record-breakers **Don McDermott** and **Chuck Burke** on eight-man U.S. Olympic speed skating team after trials at St. Paul. **McDermott** and **Henry** were also named to represent U.S. in world championships at Moscow Feb. 19, 20.

continued on next page

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO. ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

February 11 through 20

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Bingham Young vs. Utah, Provo, Utah
 Geo. Washington vs. Richmond, Washington, D.C.
 N. Carolina St. vs. S. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
 UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles
 (Professionals)
 Rochester vs. Ft. Wayne, Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia

Boxing

● Harold Johnson vs. Paul Andrews, light heavyweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)
 Jimmy Carter vs. Tony DeMarco, lightweights (no title), Boston Garden (10 rds.)

Skating

Williams Winter Carnival, Williamstown, Mass.
 Univ. of Nevada Winter Carnival, Reno.

Sled Dog Derby

N. American Sled Dog Derby, W. Yellowstone, Mont.

Squash Racquets

Natl. Squash Racquets singles, Detroit.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Iowa vs. Indiana, Iowa City, Ia.
 La. State vs. Richmond, Philadelphia
 Maryland vs. N. Carolina, College Park, Md.
 ● Minnesota vs. Illinois, Minneapolis, 3 p.m. (CBS)
 UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles
 (Professionals)

New York vs. Ft. Wayne, New York
 Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester, N.Y.
 ● Syracuse vs. Milwaukee, Syracuse, N.Y., 3 p.m. (NBC)

Ice Skating

U.S. Olympic team tryouts, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston.

Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

San Antonio Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr. olds up, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Ice Skating

N. American outdoor speed championships, Saranac Lake, N.Y.

Swimming

3. American championship regatta, Lightning Class, Buenos Aires
 Biscayne Bay regatta, Miami Beach.

Skating

Natl. cross-country championships, Millumette Park, Ore.
 Winter Carnival, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Track & Field

● NYAC meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual).

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100 m. race Jacksonville, Fla.
 Sports car races, Willow Springs Track, Lancaster, Calif.

Basketball

Boston vs. New York, Boston
 Ft. Wayne vs. Milwaukee, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis
 Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse, N.Y.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Duquesne vs. Cincinnati, Pittsburgh
 Indiana vs. Minnesota, Bloomington, Ind.
 Iowa vs. Ohio St., Iowa City, Ia.
 Kentucky vs. Xavier (D.), Lexington, Ky.
 Nebraska vs. Missouri, Lincoln, Neb.
 San Francisco vs. Santa Clara, San Jose
 (Professionals)
 New York vs. Ft. Wayne, Miami
 Syracuse vs. Milwaukee, Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Toledo.

Boxing

● Kenny Lane vs. Jackie Blair, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
 ● Gene Fullmer vs. Paul Parider, middleweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC-local blackout)

Dog shows

● Westminster Kennel Club show, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 9:15 p.m. (Mutual) (Also Feb. 15.)

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15

Basketball

(Leading college games)

N. Carolina St. vs. Duke, Raleigh, N.C.
 Texas vs. TCU, Austin, Tex.
 Texas A&M vs. SMU, College Station, Tex.
 (Professionals)
 Boston vs. Milwaukee; Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Buffalo, N.Y.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

Ice Skating

World figure skating championships, Vienna.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16

Basketball

Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Boxing

● Bobo Olson vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights (no title), Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Hockey

● New York vs. Boston, New York, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual).

Horse Racing

Bogartville Turf Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Park, Fla.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Montana vs. Utah, Missoula, Mont.
 ● NYU vs. Manhattan, St. John's vs. Niagara, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 9:15 p.m. (Mutual)
 (Professionals)
 Ft. Wayne vs. New York, Miami
 Rochester vs. Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn.
 Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse, N.Y.

Boxing

Cison Andrade vs. Lauro Salas, lightweights, Olympic Auditor. (10 rds.), Los Angeles
 Tommy (Harpine) Jackson vs. Les Johnson, heavyweights, Springside Gardens, N.Y. (10 rds.).

Golf

Texas Open, San Antonio, Tex.
 Serbian Women's Open, Miami Beach.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18

Basketball

(Leading college games)

California vs. UCLA, Berkeley, Calif.
 Fordham vs. Holy Cross, New York

San Francisco vs. St. Mary's, San Francisco
 S. California vs. Stanford, Los Angeles
 Wash. St. vs. Oregon St., Pullman, Wash.
 (Professionals)
 Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia

Boxing

● Ezzard Charles vs. Charley Norcross, heavyweights
 ● Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Tennis

USLTA men's indoor championships begin, New York

Water Polo

Pan American Games tryouts, Lynwood, Calif.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19

Basketball

(Leading college games)

California vs. UCLA, Berkeley, Calif.
 Duke vs. Wake Forest, Durham, N.C.
 Indiana vs. Northwestern, Bloomington, Ind.
 Kentucky vs. DePaul, Chicago
 ● Michigan vs. Minnesota, Ann Arbor, Mich., 3 p.m. (CBS)
 Mullerberg vs. La Salle, Allentown, Pa.
 N. Carolina St. vs. Maryland, Raleigh, N.C.
 S. California vs. Stanford, Los Angeles
 Temple vs. Holy Cross, Philadelphia
 TCU vs. Rice, Ft. Worth, Tex.
 Villanova vs. Duquesne, Philadelphia
 Wash. St. vs. Oregon St., Pullman, Wash.
 W. Virginia vs. Geo. Washington, Georgetown, W. Va.
 Wisconsin vs. Illinois, Madison, Wis.
 (Professionals)
 ● Minneapolis vs. Ft. Wayne, Minneapolis, 3 p.m. (NBC)
 New York vs. Syracuse, New York
 Rochester vs. Milwaukee, Rochester, N.Y.

Ice Skating

U.S. Olympic team tryouts, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Hockey

Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.

Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Anita Derby, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita Park, Calif.
 ● Widener Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr. olds, Hialeah Park, Fla. 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
 LeCompte Handicap, \$10,000 1 1/4 m., 3-yr. olds up, Fair Grounds, New Orleans.

Ice Skating

World speed skating championships, Moscow.

Track & Field

● Natl. AAU championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Auto Racing

NASCAR Speed Week begins, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Basketball

Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston
 Milwaukee vs. Ft. Wayne, Milwaukee
 Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis
 Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.

New York vs. Detroit, New York.

Skating

USEASA women's giant slalom, Rutland, Vt.

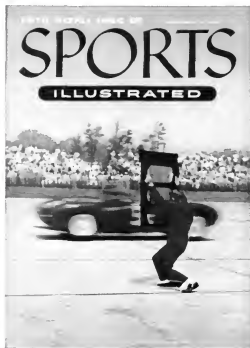
Sled Dog Derby

New England Sled Dog championships, Littleton, N.H.

If you're selling
something
that's fun ...



why change the subject?



There's no better time to sell a thing to a man than when it's uppermost in his mind already.

When your advertising appears in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, half your selling battle is won at the start. SI readers are enjoying themselves to the hilt. (And they tell us so in a flood of mail every week.)

Isn't that the time to talk to them about any of the wonderfully varied things which might add to the enjoyment of their leisure?

About places to go, cars and planes and ships to get there in, about comfortable, smart sports clothes to wear, about equipment to use?

You'll be talking to 575,000 families every week. Most of them are *young* and *successful*. They're lively, successful people who set the pace in America's new sports-minded market. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is the only magazine published just for them—and they *love* it!

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—magazine of successful young families

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you are taking up figure skating

New popularity

HISTORICALLY, the idea of making meaningful markings on ice originated on the canals of 15th century Holland. Americans took little interest in figure skating until the turn of the present century but today, with the help of artificial ice, the sport is enjoying a phenomenal growth, and with climate no longer a limitation, there are prospects of its becoming truly national in scope. Home-grown North American skaters are beginning to challenge the traditional superiority of Europeans and several have won world titles.

• • •

Buying boots . . .

Boots and blades are listed separately because that is the way they should be bought. When buying boots, remember a good fit is vital. Don't worry about weak ankles, because a well-fitted boot is so tight around the heel that your ankles can't waver. Get your boot a half to a full size *smaller* than your ordinary walking shoes. Have it fitted over a light weight sock. Leave plenty of room to wiggle your toes, but stress tightness around the heel and ankle. Ready-made boots range from \$15 to \$30 a pair in price, custom-made ones \$50 to \$85. Custom boots are worth it if you're serious about figure skating. They'll fit much better and will last the weekend skater five to 15 years. In fitting children, have special inner soles made by your shoemaker if you get a big boot with the idea the child will grow into it. The inner sole will give proper support in an oversize boot.

• • •

. . . and blades

A pair of blades will cost \$10 to \$40 and you'll do well to get the best as they will hold a good edge and last almost indefinitely. If the boots wear out, you can transfer the blades to a new pair. Make sure you get a figure blade, one with teeth and rounded in front. Blades should be set on with screws (not rivets) slightly *inside* the center line of the boot for easier balance. Keep the blades sharp, leaving two raised edges on each, with a hollow-ground groove between. Wipe them after each use to prevent rusting and protect them with rubber or wood guards when you're not using them.

• • •

Lessons

Figure skating cannot be self-taught. Lessons are admittedly expensive, but they are necessary. Private lessons range from \$3 for ordinary teachers to \$6 for experts per half hour. But beginners can learn satisfactorily through group instruction at \$1 or \$1.50 a lesson. Information on accredited instructors is available from the Professional Skaters Guild of America, 1617 East Boulder St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

• • •

A few hints

Basically, remember that skating posture is like walking posture with the addition of a pronounced forward bend of the knees and ankles and a slight sidewise lean to the whole body. In plain forward and backward stroking on ice, *push* from the inside edge of the blade (the edge nearer the inside of your foot) but *skate* on the outside edge. When shifting your weight from one foot to another, keep your feet as close together as possible. Keep your full body weight over the leg you are skating on by pressing the hip on that side well under you. Learn to do long strokes forward and backward, pushing cleanly from one foot to the other.

• • •

Other aids

You can learn a lot from what has been written about figure skating and from intelligent observation of good skaters, but this is only *supplementary* to the personal instruction that is necessary. The U.S. Figure Skating Association, 30 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. publishes a monthly magazine and several useful technical manuals.

Recommended books are: *Figure Skating* by Willy Boeckl, \$4.95; *Figure and Dance Skating* by Paul von Gassner, \$7.50, and *Skating for Beginners* by Barbara Ann Scott and Michael Kirby, \$3.75.

by The Know-it-all

UNDER 21

PISTOL PRINCESS

At 16, Kathleen Walsh already has a fistful of medals for marksmanship—after only two years of competition. Today she looks like the coming pistol-shooting queen

EXPERT KATHY was trained by her famous father, Lieut. Colonel Walsh, champion shot of the Marines.

ARLINGTON, VA.

THE LAST TIME Kathleen Walsh checked up on the medals she has won in pistol tournaments here and there in just two years of competition, they totaled 33. She keeps most of them on a hanging wall bracket in her bedroom and sticks the overflow inside a box in the closet.

At 16 this pistol-packing prodigy from Marymount High in Arlington, Va. has only 10 tournaments behind her. So it looks as though after a few more years of this sort of thing she'll have to move her bed right out into the hall to make room for the championship silverware.

At any rate, for somebody who never even held a pistol in her hand until she was 14, she has moved up pretty fast. She did start fooling around with the .22 rifle when she was 12, piercing paper targets in local contests. And she still has nothing against the rifle as a real sporting weapon—still uses it, as a matter of fact. But once she got her hands on a pistol, the old thrill was gone and the new one began.

"At first," she says, "you feel all sort of wobbly with a pistol because you haven't any support to sight in the way you do with a rifle. On account of that you have to develop a lot of mental self-control. A good part of what it takes to shoot a pistol is right up in your head."

Apparently what's up in Kathleen's head is just right for pistol shooting. In 1953 she journeyed out to Camp Perry, Ohio, with her father and en-

tered the National Pistol Championships. She had a little local tournament experience behind her, but not much. It was like a Three-Eye league ball player trying to jump to the majors. All Kathleen did was finish third in the big shoot for the Women's National Championship.

To make Kathleen's slightly incredible career in the world of the pistol shooters a little more credible, it ought to be pointed out that her father—Lt. Col. Walter R. Walsh, USMC—is not only one of the top rifle and pistol shots in the Marine Corps but in 1952 he won the National Service Rifle Cham-

pionship at Fort Benning, Ga. He has collected enough medals and trophies to fill an attic.

A funny thing about Kathleen, as well as her father, is that they are both left-handed pistol shooters. This is fairly rare—in a tournament you're not apt to find more than two or three lefties out of 50 on the line. Nor is Kathleen left-handed all the way—she plays softball summers in a recreational playground league (shortstop or first base) and she both bats and fields right-handed. On the other hand, she writes and drinks malted milks with her left hand.



"I guess I'm just lucky."

Of course, Kathleen didn't get to be this good just because her father happens to be one of the nation's top-ranking shots. Like every other sport, pistol shooting demands a lot of practice.

Kathleen gets hers three ways. First of all, she's a member of the Fairlington Junior Rifle Club, which meets every Saturday. (She's the oldest in the group of 50.) Then, she competes in the Tuesday Night League with the Washington D.C. Pistol Club. And finally, the Walshes have set up a very neat target range in the basement of their home where they can go down any old time for a fast workout.

KATHLEEN'S BIGGEST THRILL

Kathleen went back out to Camp Perry in 1954 and though she was disappointed because she came in 4th this time, her father wasn't. The weather conditions were bad, and Gertrude Backstrom, one of the nation's best women pistol shots, was in the tournament—she hadn't been in '53. And, despite her impatience with herself, Kathleen found herself listed in the bulletin published by the Dept. of the Army's Division of Civilian Marksmanship as 40th out of 90 pistol shots all over the country who achieved the rank of expert.

As far as she can remember, Kathleen's biggest thrill came when she entered the tryouts for the U.S. representatives to compete for the International Rapid Fire Championship at Caracas, Venezuela. The tryouts took place at Camp Perry in 1954.

In order to get in the Perry Competitions, you had to beat out your regional rivals and get a score of at least 520. All around the country there were about 1,000 pistol shooters aiming for this goal.

Kathleen wound up at Perry, along with 250 to 300 regional survivors. Shooting it out on the line, the number was cut down to 50 by a nerve-racking system of elimination as you could imagine.

The shooter aimed at a paper target with five scoring rings, two top and two bottom and one in the middle. You had exactly eight seconds to plunk them all on the first round, six seconds on the second round and four seconds on the third round.

Kathleen made 60 hits out of 60 shots, set a new woman's record with a score of 560 out of a possible 600. "But," she says, "I only wound up 22nd."

Twenty-second out of a starting field of 1,000! As they used to put it, things are tough all over—DUANE DECKER.

**Ate too much?
well, where's your
roll of TUMS?**



When Acid Indigestion Strikes, a handy roll of Tums in pocket or purse can be "worth its weight in gold." For Tums give top-speed relief from gas, heartburn, sour stomach—yet can't over-alkalize, can't cause acid rebound. Tums require no water, no mixing—take them anywhere. Get a roll today.

So economical—only 10¢ a roll
3-roll pkg. 25¢



TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



If it weren't for brand names you'd have to be a petroleum engineer to buy the best oil for your car

Your car is one of your most expensive possessions. Had oil could ruin it.

Yet you don't worry a bit about asking a strange filling station man to "add a quart of oil" to the motor.

How can you be so sure his oil is good for your car? In fact, how can you feel sure about anything you buy?

Isn't it because you've learned the first rule of safe and sound buying:

A good brand is your best guarantee
No matter what you're buying, you

know you can always trust a good brand. You know the company stands behind it. And so, you know you are right.

The more good brands you know, the surer you are. Get to know them in this magazine. They'll help you cut buying mistakes, get more for your money.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
Incorporated

A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

Transistor and Digital Computer Techniques

Digital computers similar to the successful Hughes airborne fire control computers are being applied by the Ground Systems Department to the information processing and computing functions of large ground radar weapons control systems.

- THESE INCLUDE:**
- TRANSISTOR CIRCUITS
 - DIGITAL COMPUTING NETS
 - MAGNETIC DRUM & CORE MEMORIES
 - LOGICAL DESIGN
 - PROGRAMMING
 - VERY HIGH POWER MODULATORS & TRANSMITTERS
 - INPUT & OUTPUT DEVICES
 - SPECIAL DISPLAYS
 - MICROWAVE CIRCUITS

Scientific and Engineering Staff

Hughes

Research and Development Laboratories
Culver City, Los Angeles County, Calif.

Write about all aspects of our products
Description of an expert military program

PUGILISM'S POLLUTION

Sir:

I should like to join the thousands of readers of SI who have lauded your magazine for its courageous crusade FOR the game of boxing.

Only by exposing the nefarious characters behind the scenes can the stench and sordidness of pugilism's pollution be eliminated. The fight-faithful today are happy to see SI roll up its sleeves and publish the "slug lines" which will lead the way toward clearing up boxing's bad name.

Continue to carry the torch and bring back to professional boxing the cleanliness, the wholesomeness and fairness that it should have.

Your magazine is great.

JOHN T. CAMPBELL,

Chairman

Montana Boxing Commission

Butte, Mont.

A CERTAIN MAGAZINE

Sir:

You were criticized for trying to destroy sports on the air today. The sports announcer said: "A certain magazine is trying to destroy sports," while he was discussing boxing. He also criticized bringing up tainted fights that happened years ago. He forgets the man connected with this fix is now running boxing in this country.

Keep up the good work in exposing corruption in boxing and/or any other sport.

RICHARD FITZPATRICK

Brooklyn

FATAL MESS

Sir:

Congratulations to SI for taking the initiative in trying to clean up boxing's stinking mess which if left alone might someday kill a great sport.

ELLIOTTE BOGWELL

Burkeville, Va.

I KEEP HOPING

Sir:

... I could shout for joy the way you are crusading for cleaning up the fight racket.

Each bout I watch on TV, and I LOVE a good clean fight, I keep hoping will be a little better than the one before. Three cheers for SI and I hope it will mean better boxing for everyone to enjoy. I have a special interest in boxing because for many years I acted as secretary to a man who I think is the greatest boxing historian living today. He is Johnny Houck of Lancaster, brother of the late great Leo Houck, boxing coach at Penn State for many years. Johnny has been crusading for his entire life for the U.S.A. to have one boxing commissioner to do the job and do it right, instead of each state having its own, with every fight being judged differently and I must say, very confusing to everyone. So I know he too is very much behind you in your great undertaking.

MRS. ANTHONY L. STECKEL JR.

Lancaster, Pa.

CONTINUE TO OBLIGE

Sir:

Please continue your efforts to clean up boxing we all love so well. There is more than just a story here—there's principle, obligation. You have the reports the medium, the honesty, decency and even obligation to help correct the future of boxing for future Americans.

Network, O

R. TORRES

THAT BRAZEN MONOPOLY

Sir:

Are we, the public, to infer that when we take over on the 19th issue the No. 1 gaffe is Robert Hall's opinion on an NCAA ruling? A more important issue at stake is the country's questionable racket—boxing. This deserves immediate relentless and continuous exposure of those parasitic foes of a good sport. More in-fighting is necessary by SI. Keep up body punching and wear 'em down. Blows to the cranium, which is calculated, won't hurt them. Fight for right and your efforts will not be in vain. TV should not glorify the big men in IBC before the eyes of the younger generation, when even an iota of suspicion prevails. You have been challenged by those who brazenly monopolize a racket of controlling a fighter's livelihood.

Where is the press other than SI that will support you in this fight?

FRANK J. KRACHA

Los Altos, Calif.

● Right in there, judging by the many editorials and columns our readers clip and send us.—ED.

NOW IT'S MR. AVERAGE MAN

Sir:

Last month I sent you a letter in which I complained (perhaps too bitterly) that your magazine was rather top-heavy in your leanings toward the outdoor sports of the "well-hooked" set.... My main idea in this letter was to try to open the eyes of the editor, in which I may have failed. At least I know that it was read.

But I certainly must admit that I sure was raked over the coals by the two letters that you published a few weeks later. Mr. John J. Tonnesen Jr. is right, I did find the subscription blank somewhere. I found it in the inside pages of LIFE magazine which I have subscribed to since before World War II. And would you mind telling Mr. D. M. Burgess Jr. that there are not enough outdoor magazines to sink a small rowboat. There are but three, *Sports Afield*, *Field & Stream* and *Outdoor Life*.

To both of these gentlemen might I address this question??? Since when is it a naughty word to be called an average man or part of the "beagle or cane-pole crowd." Shades of Don't Boone!! Not too long ago, I have been told, it was the beagle and cane-pole crowd and/or its counterpart that made this country great. It was the harkwoodsman and the average man that made

this country free and all through history fought and won all of the wars. Thus, if you wish to classify me with the beagle and cane-pole crowd I'll tell you I'm DAMN proud of it....

MR. AVERAGE MAN

Grand Rapids, Mich.

● Mr. Average Man's last anonymous letter was signed Average Reader and postmarked Kalamazoo, but his tone of voice is the same and he should not give up hope. He has opened the editors' eyes, as well, apparently, as the eyes of numerous other "average readers" who have taken up pen to indulge in self-analysis, which is a fascinating sport in itself. Indeed it all makes our eyes open wider and wider and we, too, are looking inward. Thanks for the prod.—ED.

AFTER CONSIDERABLE THOUGHT

Sir:

A short time ago I wrote you a letter canceling my son's subscription to SI. At that time I gave my reasons as, and I quote: "SI does not cater to the masses but to a few select few that can afford expensive cars and go boat hunting, etc., etc."

I have had a guilty conscience ever since. My son received another subscription as a Christmas gift and after reading the last five issues, I realize I was wrong.

After considerable thought, I arrived at the conclusion that a magazine to be truly great must cater to everyone, not just to a few that like baseball, football, etc. Your fight exposé, although a little ambiguous, at times is a step in the right direction....

There are many other items in your fine magazine that I will never participate in but I find now that I enjoy reading about them and who knows, maybe someday I can afford some of the more expensive luxury sports.

So accept my apologies for my first letter and my thanks to you for a fine job. My son has also become an avid reader.

LEONARD J. KAHN

Cleveland

● Accepted; welcome back.—ED.

I CONCUR

Sir:

"Average Reader" (SI, Jan. 17) should give SI pause for reflection. I concur with this gentleman.

You are doing a fine job in many respects, i.e., the boxing scandal, but you are neglecting the rank and file of American sportsmen who take their sport in their own backyard. Not shooting game released before the gun or skiing at Sun Valley. Is your publication intended to be exclusively for the wealthy?

J. R. FORRETT

Havelock, N.C.

● A game-preserve shoot is often the only gunning available to the city

dweller. SI has reported on skiing, now the winter sport of 20 million people in virtually every section of the country. They can't all be rich.—ED.

HERE HE IS

Sirs:

I am a charter subscriber to SI and my answer to Mr. Average Reader's question, "Where is the Average Reader?", is he is sitting home reading your wonderful magazine and enjoying every page of it. I have always been under the impression that most Americans have always prided themselves on the idea that there are always new fields to conquer. If you used your pages for hunting and fishing you would be defeating your purpose of a really different sports magazine and would become just another run-of-the-mill, dime-a-dozen sports magazine.

Also thank you very much for your excellent article on the Fort Wayne Pistons and the National Basketball Association.

STANLEY H. JONES

Fort Wayne, Ind.

THAT MAN OF LITTLE PATIENCE

Sir:

"Average Reader" must be a man of little patience as, after all, SI is a brand-new magazine and I am sure in time will cover some of the sports you mentioned. As I understand it, I assume SI more or less follows the seasons, especially in major sports. This spring there will probably be wonderful articles and pictures on fishing and, likewise, hunting in the fall.

Now you might say, "Oh, but here in Michigan we fish and hunt now!" Yes, here in South Dakota we do, too. In fact our trout season was extended. But on the average, one thinks of fishing in the spring and summer, hunting during the fall and skiing during the winter season.

If you are such an average sportsman, why don't you take heed and try out a ski area in Michigan. I'll bet you'd love it! I don't know what age you are, but out here at Terry Park we have young and old who enjoy the sport.

My husband and I think SI is a great magazine and we are looking forward to an article on water skiing this summer. We have a little more patience than you have.

Another thing: If you are really a true sportsman, you surely should be interested in every type of sport. There are many little-known facts about some sports that in sport articles make for good reading.

SI just didn't deserve to get a letter such as you wrote!

SONYA J. LUTHER

Rapid City, S.D.

WEE GARMENTS AND BIG LAWSUITS

Sir:

I'll have you know this is my first fan letter and I'm proud to say SI is rapidly growing to be my favorite magazine.

I'm the mother of three small children and don't have much time for anything else. But at night, when my brood is settled in bed, I pick up my knitting needles and start clicking away wee garments. (My husband wears size 13 socks.) He picks up the latest issue of SI and starts reading to cover.

Your latest articles on the boxing mo-

noscopy are darn good and I, for one, am proud to know we at last have a champion in the form of a wonderful magazine. Exposing crooks in the fight game is the most wonderful thing to happen in a long time. It's good to know that there are some people left that can't be bought off by big money or scared off by threats of big lawsuits.

In your Jan. 17th issue you had an article entitled *Exercise to Keep Fat* by William H. White (no relation, I'm sure). I cried them all, including the walk-one-mile-every-day. I had to confine my walking to around the block, but after the 10th time around, people were beginning to give me funny looks, so I gave up and decided I wouldn't look too good with the figure of an athlete anyway. How about some exercise for women whose ambitions run along the lines of just keeping a trim figure? I'm sure you can find quite a lot of women readers who are interested. Besides, you can imagine the looks I'd get the second month when I would have to walk-jog-walk-run-walk around the block 28 times. By the third month they would have me hauled away.

Thanks for giving people like me a shot in the arm by stirring up my interest in all sports. By the time we are ready to renew our subscription, I'll be so well informed I'll be sending you articles to print under my byline. See what happens when you've got a good thing everybody wants into the act.

For my first I sure got carried away.

JACQUE H. WHITE

Temple, Tex.

● We happily welcome Mrs. White into our act while our Mr. White is thinking hard for ways to produce that trim figure.—ED.

THE BRAVE BULLS: VOL. II

Sirs:

In reply to my letter in which I stated that Joselito was not killed when he went in for the kill, SI said that he was killed "at the moment of truth—a moment that begins when the matador fixes the bull."

There have been several versions of Joselito's last corrida but no one, except SI, has maintained that Joselito was killed at the moment of truth or anywhere near it. Here's the story of how the greatest torero of all time died:

On May 16, 1920 Joselito, aged 25, was fighting a minor fight in Talavera de la Reina to help out a friend. The fifth bull, Badajoz, came into the ring and the moment he saw it Joselito warned his banderillero brother Fernando: "Don't go on with this one—he's dangerous." The bull was small—250 kilos dressed—but his horns were perfect for killing. "Don't get on them," he warned his cuadrilla. "You'll never get off."

With the cape Joselito quickly found out that the bull was disastrously defective of vision, seeing well at a distance but almost blind up close. It also kept returning to its querraca along the fence where it elected to fight in a defensive, impossible manner. After only five passes with the muleta, the bull retreated to the spot it felt most secure in, its querraca, and Joselito withdrew a few steps to change his grip on the muleta. This brought him into the area where the bull saw perfectly and suddenly it lunged forward. Joselito saw the animal coming but he merely stood there and flared out the muleta. On any other bull the muleta handled like this by the master would have lured it off its course. But now the bull had entered the field of vision where it saw neither man nor cloth, and it crashed into

continued on next page



DOOZYS

Sirs,

As one nicknamed "Dusy," let me confirm your guess at the origin of "It's a Doosy" (SI, Jan. 31).



DUESENBERG "S-P" PHAETON

In 1922 at Indianapolis seven of the first 10 cars finishing were Duesenbergs, and the expression was born. Alas, "Doosy" went the way of "colonel" and wound up with the alternate meaning of "stinker."



DUESENBERG TOWN CAR

How I would love to see some more pictures of those beautiful cars which I remember so well.

GEORGE DUSENBERG

Saluda, N.C.



DUESENBERG CARRIOLE

Joselito, actually by accident. The horn zipped open the man's lower stomach and, though it wasn't necessarily a fatal wound, when Joselito saw his exposed *viverra* he died of the shock, gasping, "Mother, I'm smothering, I'm smothering!"

This account was told to me by Joselito's brother El Gallo and by his nephew Gallo. In my restaurant El Matador here in San Francisco we have on the wall part of the jacket Joselito was wearing the day of his death, his dress cape and his sword, given to me by his family.

BARNABY CONRAD

San Francisco

● Controversy over whether Joselito was killed at moment of truth has been raging in bull-ring circles for years, with some experts claiming he was, others saying he was preparing muleta. But SI's expert in Spain sticks to his moment of truth.—ED.

THAT SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI on its great coverage of the corrida. It was the best written story in English that I have seen in any magazine yet. Mr. Stanton knows his subject as few English-speaking people do.

I did not write before because I wished to see the reader response. It was all that I expected, and I am very pleased by it for I think it will show you how much interest there is in this.

As for criticism: the article, the finest; drawings, fine; but one needs a very special knowledge to take good photos of bulls just as of any other action. Mr. Kauffman's are good as photos, but poor as theme photos.

Mr. Barnaby Conrad's uncalled for and playful comments seem to me to be out of order. You describe him as an aficionado; I do not feel that is either descriptive or true. He has peddled a fair knowledge and some skill at writing about bulls to the public with some success. But his writing on the subject can also be "piced." If he were the aficionado he claims to be, he would be living where he could attend exhibits of the subject he writes about instead of running a saloon in San Francisco and hacking out hempygian comments on excellent work.

ROBERT M. CROWELL

Cardiff, Calif.

A ONCE-GREAT CITY

Sirs,

As the last president of the Shanghai Bowling Congress—unless the Reds have

organized bowling since taking over that China city in 1949—permit me to take exception to the line in your *Memo FROM THE PUBLISHER* in the Jan. 31 issue in which you say Victor Kalman, as a United Press correspondent, filed stories "from such non-bowling venues as Saigon, Tinian, Pelehu, Okinawa and China."

Prior to its "liberation" by Mao Tse-tung *et al.*, bowling was a very popular sport in Shanghai and at the time of Pearl Harbor, I think Shanghai probably had bowling leagues, both tenpins and dukes, that were unique; for example, when I bowled tenpins for the Shanghai Race Club team in the 1948 league, our team consisted of the English manager of the National Cash Register Co., a Portuguese accountant, a White Russian gold-bur broker, a Swiss hotel manager and an American advertising man.

DON KING

Dallas

DREADFULLY SORRY

Sirs:

Oh, by Gad, Sir! Oh I say, Sir! We have never worn a blazer To play rugby in. It really isn't done! But from The Oval to Darjeeling You'll find cricketers revealing Multiplicities of colours in the sun.

The rugged man is brutal He would never get his suit all Mudged up by playing dressed in snowy-white.

So, to strike up an affinity With Magdalen and with Trinity Please publish this, and set the matter right.

"OVCNLAN"

Victoria, B.C.



WRONG SPORT, RIGHT LOOK

● Indeed, Sir, we are glad, Sir, To be set right on the blazer.

We're sorry that we done, Sir, what we done.

For the Test with Britain's greatest foe.

See this week's piece by Gallico.

This may not set us right, but ain't it fun?—ED.

SKI HERE!

Sirs:

In your Dec. 6 edition you mentioned a ski area at Ligonier, Pennsylvania. Since this area is near enough to afford weekend skiing I am particularly desirous of obtaining further information relating to the facilities available there and the possibilities of equipment rental.

KARL L. CONRAD

Akron, O.

● Laurel Mountain's 15 slopes and trails, which range from novice to expert in difficulty, are served by five towers, ranging from 250 to 2,200 feet. A fine place to stay is the White Star Inn in Jennerstown. The rates are from \$5.25 to \$7 a day American Plan. Tow charges are \$2.50 a day and a limited amount of equipment is available—\$2.50 a day pays for skis and poles. Boots can be rented, but it's better to have your own.—ED.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S

THIRDS MATCHWIT





Memo to advertisers

Last week the members of the Advertising Club of Washington, D.C. staged a "Salute to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED" featuring fashions by Julius Garfinckel & Co., the city's leading specialty store.

Among the more than 400 guests who attended were members of the U.S. Senate and their wives--and a member of the Washington Senators baseball team. Others included Skier Andrea Mead Lawrence, basketball star Tom Gola, and Davis Cup Captain Bill Talbert.

They saw fashions set against five different sports themes, and the biggest applause, I'm told, was for a two-piece cocktail dress called "Out of Bounds."

It's certainly wonderful to discover that the nation's most style-conscious retailers have already recognized SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's role as a setter of tastes.

This matter of style seems to be becoming more and more important in every phase of selling these days. And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED stands for style, not just in its Sporting Look section, but from cover to cover . . . and its audience of successful young families are the style-setters of their communities.

Bill Holman

Advertising Director



America's first victory in a Grand Prix race followed when Jimmy Murphy's Daimler-Benz won at LeMans in 1921.

Painting by J. Gordon Crosby
Courtesy of "The Artcurie," London

"There is, as every racing man knows, a peculiar joy in taking a car through a curve at just the right pace, when a shade faster would make the tyres squeal in the start of a skid, or a little slower would not quite be racing speed. There is a balanced feeling about the machine in those moments—a sense of completion, as it were, and perfection."

Sir Malcolm Campbell, *The Romance of Motor-Racing*

A reprint of this painting and message on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Send a postcard to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. H, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Wing-tip scores with new styling
the Pedwin
cager

A brand-new folded
U-Wing tip... with a
hand-laced toe design.

Popular 3-yelet
raglan pattern.

Pedwin Division,

Brown Shoe

Company, St. Louis.

995

Other styles
\$8.95 and \$9.95
Higher Danner's West



Pedwin.
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES